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THE

Hartley University College Magazine

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The . . .

Hartley University College .. Magazine ..



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All contributions for the next number should be addressed to the Editor of the Magazine Hartley University College, Southampton.

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1910-11.

THE
Hartley University College Magazine.

Editorial Notes.

The Editor discourses upon Men and Things.

THE CRISIS.

" Get money ; still get money, boy ;
No matter by what means."
Every Man in His Humour.

We earnestly request all, staff and students alike, to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the article written by our President concerning the present position of the College, and, moreover, to act upon its suggestions, not merely to read them. The time has come for every one to make his or her own personal effort along the lines indicated in the article. Work, then, work, we entreat you, for the night cometh, wherein no man may work.

We wish to say a word about our Advertisers and their Advertisements.



THAT we most earnestly entreat students to consult the pages devoted to advertisements, and to give their custom only to those firms who advertise, and not to other people in the same lines of business who do not advertise. After all, it is only fair. For we would impress upon you that if the advertisers withdraw through lack of the promised custom we cannot possibly produce the Magazine in such form as we do at present. Ponder these remarks and you will see the justice of them. In a word, it all comes to the old maxim—" Do unto others as you would be done by."

It is again our pleasant duty to welcome this term a new recruit to the College staff, who was appointed during the Long Vacation. Mr. W. D. Evans, who has joined the Department of Mathematics, was educated at Kelly College, Tavistock, Devon, whence he went up as a mathematical scholar to King's College, Cambridge, where he had a brilliant career from 1905 to 1909. In 1908 he was placed as twentieth Wrangler in the first part of the Mathematical Tripos, and took the degree of B.A. in first class honours. In 1909, in the second part of the Tripos, he appeared in the first division of the second class, being bracketed with the Senior Wrangler of his year. Before his advent at Hartley, Mr. Evans was for a year senior mathematical master at Batley Grammar School. Miss Gibson, who vacated the place which Mr. Evans has filled, has become a lecturer in Goldsmith's College, University of London.

Dr. F. J. C. Hearnshaw, who for the past ten years has been Professor of History in Hartley University College, has just been invited to become the first holder of the newly-founded Chair of Modern History in the Armstrong College of the University of Durham.

Armstrong College was founded in 1871, jointly by the University of Durham and the North of England Institute of Mining and Machanical Engineers, for the purpose of promoting University education in Newcastle and the surrounding counties.

The College is among the leading University Colleges of England, and educates about 600 day and about 900 evening students. Its schools of Engineering, Mining, and Naval Architecture, are among the first in the country and enjoy a world wide reputation.

The College has always been a part of the University of Durham. In the re-constitution of the University of Durham, which is now being effected under the Act of 1908, the College becomes a constituent unit of the University, and will in future, exercise a large share of power in its government.

The College will participate in future in the Faculty of Arts of the University, instead of as hitherto in the Faculties of Science and Letters only.

The Faculty of Science of the University is seated entirely in Armstrong College. In addition to its teaching in Pure Science, the College gives complete University instruction in Engineering (Mechanical and Civil), Electrical Engineering, Mining, Metallurgy, Naval Architecture, and Agricultural Science.

The Agricultural Department of the College directs the Northumberland County Agricultural Experimental Station at Cockle Park, and the Durham County Station for Dairy Research at Offerton Hall. For the purpose of Forestry instruction the College is in possession of 900 acres of wood in the County of Durham, and its Zoological equipment includes an extensive laboratory of Marine Biology at Cullercoats on the Northumbrian Coast.

The College has a large and efficient Day Training Department, and offers full facilities for the training of Teachers, both Secondary and Primary.

The College enjoys also the special feature of a School of Art of its own, with full provision for instruction in practical decorative work as well as in painting and sculpture.

The instruction of the College in every department and the degrees of the University of Durham, are open to women as well as to men. The College is entirely undenominational.

College Diplomas are given in Engineering, Naval Architecture, Mining and Agriculture to students who are unable to take a complete degree course, and courses are held for the University of Durham Diploma in Education.

Dr. Hearnshaw, who is the General Editor of the Southampton Record Society, has been invited to contribute a chapter on "Legal Literature" to the Cambridge History of English Literature, and also to edit a volume of Mediæval Records for the Selden Society, founded by the late Professor Maitland. It is gratifying to note that Professor Vinogradoff, in making the request on behalf of the Selden Society, expressed his appreciation of our Doctor's worth by saying, "We could not desire a better editor of Mediæval Records."

HONOUR LIST.

* * *

We heartily congratulate the following Students on their London successes this year:—

Bachelor of Arts, 1910.

Miss B. E. Dunstan (3rd Class Honours in English and French), Miss L. R. Moorcroft (3rd Class Honours in English and French), Miss M. E. Sparrow (3rd Class Honours in French and German), Mr. E. C. Bury (3rd Class Honours in English and French), Mr. W. V. Cavill, Mr. B. J. Sparks, B.Sc.

Bachelor of Science, 1910.

Mr. W. H. Bilson (2nd Class Honours in Physics), Mr. J. Andrews (3rd Class Honours in Chemistry), Mr. E. W. Yeoman (3rd Class Honours in Chemistry), Mr. D. E. Civil, Mr. L. F. Dowden, Mr. A. F. French, Mr. A. E. Hill.

Bachelor of Science (*Engineering*), 1910.

Mr. E. W. Beare.

Intermediate Arts, 1910.

Miss A. Bottomley, Miss J. M. Knapp, Mr. P. C. Cleall, Mr. L. R. Gleed, Mr. E. R. Manley, Mr. T. Turner.

Intermediate Science, 1910.

Mr. W. L. Pullinger, Mr. H. G. Bell, Mr. J. S. Calder, Mr. H. W. Clark, Mr. T. H. Cove, B.A., Mr. H. F. Crook.

Intermediate Science (*Engineering*), 1910.

Mr. L. Braybrooke, Mr. C. B. H. Clark.

It is also our pleasing duty to record the success of Mr. C. T. Smith, a Day Training Student in our College from 1906 to 1908. After leaving College he went to Durham and Matriculated, and in September of this year was one of the nine who passed the first Mus. Bac. Exam., out of the sixty-six who sat. Mr. Smith was a most energetic Choral Society Secretary, and composed several songs during his stay here. One of them was sung by the Students at the Music Inspection in 1908. He intends to read for his Mus. Bac., and will most certainly be successful. Our heartiest good wishes to him!

Research at the Hartley has at last produced some definite result. A book has appeared, not on some abstruse scientific theory, but on a matter of general interest. Not very long ago the British Medical Association published a small book in red covers, got up like one of Baroness Orczy's novels, on *Secret Remedies*, in which, with all the weight of high medical authority, it fulminated against patent medicines. It gave (as the result of analysis) formulæ for most of these. "Beecham's Pills," for example, it declared to be composed of soap, aloes, and ginger; total cost per box, about three farthings.

Mr. Phillips has now published *A Sequel to Secret Remedies* The sub-title is *In Search of Truth.* Though in some respects a reply to *Secret Remedies*, it is by no means a partizan defence of patent medicines. Mr. Phillips holds no brief on their behalf. He takes up the position of an independent critic. But he has distinctly shown that much of *Secret Remedies* is both misleading and vindictive, and that many of the so-called analyses are absolutely absurd. He makes it pretty obvious that for doctors to denounce patent medicine vendors is very often a case of "the pot calling the kettle black." This book is not only instructive, it is very entertaining. Anyone who purchases it will find that it will provide him with a good half-hour's amusement. We believe Mr. Philips has already received letters from all parts of the British Isles warmly commending his book and homologating his statements.

A Sequel to Secret Remedies can be obtained, price 6d., at the railway bookstalls. We quote a point of particular interest. A personal canvass was made of fifty professional men in Southampton—professors, lecturers, and teachers. Only one of these had *never* employed a secret remedy. We have heard that this solitary hero is a prominent lecturer at the Hartley.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE HARTLEY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

[Specially written for the "Hartley University College Magazine" by C. G. Montefiore, Esq., M.A., Acting-President of the College.]

\+ + +

Is our Hartley University College in a satisfactory and promising condition? Yes and no. What a vague and queer reply! And yet the reply is not inaccurate or absurd. In the most important respects of all, the condition of the College may, I think, justly be described as both satisfactory and promising. For the 'most important respects of all' relate not to stones and not to money, but to men. And when we look to our men (and by men I also include women), we may justly feel that things are going ahead. Is not this what we mean by promising and satisfactory?—not that we are perfect, (if we thought that we were that, we should be very *im*perfect), not that there is not room for improvement and expansion, but just that we are going ahead, that we are growing, growing in numbers, efficiency and strength. We have a fine staff, we have a goodly number of students, and of those students a goodly and increasing number have done, and are doing, well in University Examinations. We are gradually doing more and more University and post graduate work,—and this as regards the students and also as regards the staff.

I do not think that it is necessary for me to go into details to prove that these affirmations are accurate. The papers which have recently been issued on behalf of the College show that I have not exaggerated, so far as a bald recitation of facts and figures can do so, while those who know the College from within, will, I feel sure, emphatically confirm my words.

But if we are forging ahead and making progress, why was the answer to the question with which I started out 'No' as well as 'Yes'? Why was it not 'Yes' without reserve?

The answer is known to all. Nevertheless I must touch upon it once again. To put the thing in a nutshell, we are impeded in our growth, and are in danger of our growth being arrested altogether, by lack of money.

What do we want money for? Well, first and foremost, we want it in order to give ourselves a new and a more adequate home. Some of you may remember the famous words in which a great Hellene declared that a city was fashioned by its men rather than by its walls. So too, in one sense, it might be said of a College that the grandest buildings will be useless without a good staff and without good students. And, conversely, it may also be said that the good staff and the good students can, if they put their minds *to* it and their backs *into* it, do much even amid a poor material environment. This is true, but it is not the whole truth. Those who know our present buildings and their opportunities, know full well that it is impossible to do anything like as well as we might do, so long as we continue to work within their walls. And this impossibility becomes a greater impossibility year by year. Our students need better and healthier and more commodious class rooms; both students and staff need better and roomier laboratories. In addition to these things we want better common rooms, halls, reading rooms, and the various other appurtenances of a College which go to increase and stimulate its efficiency and its corporate life. The longer we have to stay in our present cramped, inadequate, unsuitable buildings, the worse the position becomes, for every year they become more cramped, more inadequate and more unsuitable, and every year the comparison with us and other University Colleges becomes more humiliating and more unsatisfactory. In this age of competition and rivalry (however friendly the rivalry may be) such comparisons injure the College against which they tell. A city is formed essentially of its men, not of its buildings. True, but if the citizens live in houses without light and air, will they not suffer? The analogy is quite justifiable.

We cannot expand and improve our buildings upon the present site. So we must leave them, not without regret, (for the old place has its memories, and has done and seen good service in its day), and we must pitch our tent, (a large and permanent tent this time!) elsewhere, where there will be more elbow room, and where there will be more and better air to breathe.

This, then, is what we want money for most of all—for our new buildings. But the new buildings will need adequate equipment. So when we speak of new buildings we mean the furniture as well as the walls. Donations, large and small, are needed for the buildings, but, pray note, all my readers, (and I trust they will be many), that we not only require donations, once and for all, but we also require Regular Annual Sub-

scribers. (The matter is so important that even the adjective deserves a capital letter). For a new and larger building will cost somewhat more to maintain than our old buildings cost. The better equipment must be kept strictly up to date. We shall require a somewhat larger staff, and we shall before long require to pay that staff more adequately. But I am not very much alarmed at the prospective increase in annual expenditure and I will tell you why. I think we shall get more income (over and above the annual subscriptions which I plead for), and that from two sources. First of all, I believe that local authorities, when they see a good beginning made of a fine University College, which by its very appearance will no longer by any possibility be confused with a local technical institute, but which will obviously proclaim itself to be a University College for the Southern Counties—I believe that the local authorities will help that College more generously than they have helped the old "Hartley" in the past. Not only will those who have helped before give *then* more liberally, but others, who have not yet helped, will *then* come forward. Seeing is believing. An imposing (but not extravagant) building will stimulate their interest and their generosity. In the next place the new buildings will bring more students. Our numbers are increasing now, but I fancy that they will increase more rapidly then. We shall get a still better class of students when we have still more to offer them. In a quite natural and proper way the supply will create the demand. The adequate buildings will draw to them an augmented number of capable students.

You are all aware that "money is urgently needed," as it says in the familiar advertisements and appeals, not merely in order to secure a new site and new buildings, but in order to maintain the very status and life of the College itself. It is no longer a question of whether we shall continue to live in our old cramped environment or move to better and "more commodious" premises; it is a question whether we shall continue to live at all! As you all know, a University College such as ours which includes a Training College for Teachers, has relations with, and receives grants from, both the Board of Education and the Treasury, Now both these high authorities declare that they cannot continue these relations and grants unless we improve our financial position, and erect new buildings upon a new site. If, within a very short period of delay, we have failed to obtain promises of support which these authorities consider adequate, if we cannot show that a site has been obtained, and that we are preparing plans for part of our desired new buildings, then our grant will be with-

drawn, our status taken away, and the Hartley University College, in spite of all we have achieved in the last ten years, will infallibly collapse. Everybody knows how the Advisory Committee to the Treasury recommended that the grant allotted to us should be lowered for one year from £2250 to £1500, and then entirely withdrawn. Everybody knows how there was in July last a deputation to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and how the Chancellor, recognizing our educational value and efficiency, restored our grant to the existing figure of £2250, and told us that he gave us a respite of 8 months in which we were to make a beginning of organizing a wide appeal throughout the district we serve, and of getting together a large building and maintenance fund. On the results of that organization and of that collection, when reported to the Chancellor next spring, the life and future of the College depend.

What has so far been done? I am glad to be able to reply, "A good deal," but I must at once qualify that reply by adding, "Not nearly enough." For a great deal remains to do.

We have, in the first place, secured a most excellent site. You all know its whereabouts at Highfield. It extends over some eleven acres, and would thus afford ample room for a fine University College and for playing fields as well. In the purer and better air of Highfield we hope that our future students will work still better than their predecessors. It is an immense relief to know that the site is ready for us directly we have the money to pay for it, and to erect our buildings. And, in the second place, how about the money? Well, here too, something definite has been achieved. Some £12,000 has been promised, to be paid over when at least £28,000 more has been promised as well, and if, in March or April, the Treasury grant shall be maintained. The area we serve has been divided up into sections or districts, and we are attempting, by means of local Committees and an organazing secretary, to set about a thorough canvass in order to leave no possible donor uncared for and alone.

I think, therefore, I am justified in saying that "a good deal has been done," but I am, I fear, no less justified in adding that a great deal remains to do. We must, first and most urgently of all, secure the other £28,000 in order to get the £40,000 into our coffers. And then, as you are all aware, £40,000 will start things, but it will not finish them. A University College cannot be built for £40,000, to say nothing of the annual upkeep. This then is the position. We have done enough not to lose heart: we have done enough to be

encouraged and hopeful: we have done enough justifiably to strain every nerve and so to do a great deal more.

And now, having set forth the actual position in which we find ourselves to-day, I turn to you, the chief readers of the Magazine, the students, present and past, of the Hartley University College. You who are the *raison d'être* of the College, what can you do to help it in its hour of need?

A good deal, I think, both directly and indirectly. First of all, as regards the students who are at present attending the College. I would urge you to remember, that even if we get our grant renewed in the spring, we shall be by no means in perfectly smooth water. The harder you toil, the more diligent you are, the more successes you achieve, the better for the College and its future. The more worthy you show yourselves of the College, the easier, the more encouraged, enthusiastic and fruitful, will be the work of those who labour on its behalf. It is not only a question of money. It is a question of *prestige*, of results, of keenness, of *esprit de corps*. All these things will help. All will show that the game is worth the candle—the candle being the efforts of those who beg and the generosity of those who give. Do *you* do your best for the College, and I believe that *we* shall manage to pull the College through.

But it is *also*, though not *only*, a question of money, And here I speak not only to present students, but also to old students. There should not be a single old student who can and will not give *something*—be it no more than a single shilling—to our Building Fund. There must be many old students who could afford to become annual subscribers to the College of half-a-crown or five shillings or more. Then every old student has, I should hope, his friends and acquaintances. Let him make the good cause known among them. Let him, (let her), become a missionary and a sort of living and walking collecting-box. We shall always be glad to hear from old students as to what they have done in this way and as to what they propose to do. We can supply them with leaflets and literature. Let no one think that a contribution of five shillings or half-a-crown is not worth giving or collecting. Such contributions, if obtained in sufficient numbers, soon mount up to a quite respectable sum! Moreover they have a value over and above their mere monetary figure. For each new donor is a fresh and separate supporter. And we want many supporters as well as much money. If I could get a hundred thousand persons to give me a pound each, I should much prefer it to one person giving me a hundred thousand pounds. (As a matter

of fact, I should like *both*, but supposing I *had* to choose, I should prefer the small gifts of the many to the big gift of the one.) The Chancellor of the Exchequer distinctly told us that he laid stress upon the volume of our support as expressed, not only in the total amount obtained, but also in the number of the donors. Every giver, then, whether he can give much, or whether he can only give little, has his place and his value. We want them all—big donations and little donations, big givers and little givers.

Such, then, is my tale, and such is my appeal. I earnestly hope that you, past and present members of the College, will mark my words and respond to them. 'Rally round the College, help her in her season of trial. Speed her upon her way: aid her to a new and a finer life. Long life to the "Hartley," the University College of the South!

HARTLEY BISCUITS.



NOTICE—Recognised professorial Jokes—no Biscuits for these. The same Jokes are revived year after year.

For saying:—

I hope that before Xmas we shall all meet *down below to sing*.

Mr. Leahe. takes the biscuit.

For saying:—

Perfection of notes without rhythm is no good. I don't care if you *don't sing a note*, so long as you *get the rhythm*.

The same gentleman takes the biscuit.

For saying:—

I spilt a jar over the book of a *man* who had just been painting, *full of dirty water*.

Miss takes the biscuit.

For saying, while dancing the "Ideal":—

I am sorry I trod on your *toes* just now Miss I could not find your *hand* when we were back to back.

Mr. a would-be dancer takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

Raise your heels—lower them, and when you come down you are on your feet.

Miss a blossoming drill
Instructress takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

I should advise you to read the *shorter* poems *because they are so very long.*

Miss A-br-y takes the biscuit.

To R——— C———, of London, from whom I have lately parted,

14*th September*, 1910.

Thou beauteous one! Thou gift of all the gods!
Thou wouldst adorn a throne of ivory
And gold, thou lovely one. Thy beauty is
Immortal. Thou dost outshine Cleopatra.
Semiramis fades before thee, and all
The beauties of the ancient world yield place
To thee. The perfection of thy form bewilders
Me. Thou art the incarnation of
The loveliest spirit of the celestial world,
Heaven holds not thy peer, and thou com'st among men
A spirit clothed in light and the splendour of flesh.
The very elements know thee for what thou art
And do respect thee.

I shall never see
Thee more, my lovely one. Thou hast crossed
My path and left the prospect dark without thee.
A vista of dark days stretches before me.
Oh come to me!

SAYINGS APROPOS

♦ ♦ ♦

MR. CRAWFORD.

"Very well lerned in the Latine tongue: but profounde and excellent in the Greke language."

More, "*Utopia.*"

THE ENGINEERS.

"Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules and hammers."

"*Antony and Cleopatra.*"

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens."

"*As You Like It.*"

"Another lean unwash'd artificer."

"*King John.*"

"MUSH" AT THE SOIRÉES.

He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach."

"*Henry VIII.*"

THE "WALL-FLOWERS" AT SOIRÉES.

"For you and I are past our dancing days."

"*Romeo and Juliet.*"

MR. JONES AT DEBATES.

"Bid me discourse and I will enchant thine ear."

"*Venus and Adonis.*"

"Then he will talk—good gods how he will talk!"

Nathaniel Lee—"*Alexander the Great.*"

MR. LEAKE.

"Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto."

Byron—"*Beppo.*"

"LOFTY."

"My lord St. Albans said that nature never put the precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads."

Bacon—"*Apothegm.*"

THE WINCHESTER MATCH.

"Fair is foul and foul is fair."

"*Macbeth.*"

"Away with him!
Why cumbers he the ground? Is he so *Small*
As to be harmless? Nay, he hinders us;
So let him hence. Then will we play our game."

Massinger.

"That it should come to this!"

"*Hamlet.*"

THE RIGHT BACK.

"He had a face like a Benediction."

"*Don Quixote.*"

CRAWSHAW TO THE REFEREE.

"Give thy thoughts no tongue."

"*Hamlet.*"

"PERCY" AT NETLEY.

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied."

Pope—"*Absalom and Achitophel.*"

THE HARTLEY STUDENT.

"My life is one demd horrid grind."

Dickens—"*Nicholas Nickleby.*"

THE TRAGEDY OF THE STUDENTS' NIGHT AT THE THEATRE.

"Oh Senate—
Let the singing singers
With vocal voices most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation out vociferize
Ev'n sound itself."

Carey—"*Chrononhotonthologos.*"

DRILL INSTRUCTOR.

"Filled with fury, rapt, inspired."

Collins—"*Passions.*"

HYGIENE INSTRUCTION.

"One eare it heard, at the other out it went."

Chaucer.

THE DEFINITION OF AN ANGLE (by Barrell).

"And still I sit and gaze on thee,
Unfathomable mystery."

Shelley.

GOSSIP IN THE WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM.

"At every word a reputation dies."

Pope—"*Rape of the Lock.*"

THE JUNIORS' MOUSTACHES.

"The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!"

Ibid.

TERMINALS.

"Behold we know not anything."

Tennyson.

SEPARATE UNIVERSITIES.

"And swore he longed at college, only longed,
All else was well, for she-society."

Tennyson.

THE WAR DANCE.

"Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud."

Milton.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

"Il faut bien penser où l'on mettra ses pieds."

Pascal.

SOIRÉES.

"I saw hir daunce so comlily,
Carole and synge so swetely,
Laughe and pleye so womanly,
And loke so debonairly,
So goodly speke, and so friendly."

Chaucer—"*Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse.*"

THE FRESHMAN.

"If he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not."

Bacon

SIX MEN IN A BOAT.

\+ \+ \+

LET me say at the outset that I am not nautical. Years of unwearied study in the realms of psychology, mathematics, and ancient languages has tended to stifle in me those qualities characteristic of our seafaring ancestors. But a love for the sea has not altogether left me. As I stand on the Itchen Ferry or the main deck of the Cowes boat my bosom heaves with thoughts of Nelson and Drake, and all the noblest sentiments that ever prompted the men of Devon to maritime enterprise are strong within me as I cast one long lingering look at Woolston fading away in the dim twilight.

Thus it was with no unmixed feelings of delight that I accepted an invitation to join a party of College men in a little week-end sailing trip. There were six of us: the skipper, the tame poet of the College, two hefty unpoetical youths from Newport and Lymington, my co-digger (that boney, sandy-haired Mancunian monstrosity, beloved of all), and myself.

It was a glorious Saturday morning, when, with enough baggage to fit out a polar expedition, four of us arrived at the Town Quay at eleven o'clock to await the coming of the skipper with his little six ton cutter-rigged boat. I draw a veil over this period. He arrived at four o'clock, having been delayed by the tide. Never before had I realised the beauties, the scope, and the vigour of our mother tongue. However, once aboard the lugger, and—we felt better. A gentle breeze fanned the sails and we moved slowly on. I calculated that at the same rate we might reach Netley by the time the "Terminals" came round. In another hour we ran on a mud bank. We didn't mean to. We had no say in the matter. Someone suggested tea, and so we attacked the provisions right heartily until the rising tide lifted us off the mud. Then we ploughed our way onward towards Hythe Pier at the rate of one mile per day, more or less—rather less. I think. However, soon after sundown, with the help of the oars, we managed to get the boat round the pier. We

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dropped anchor, and as mariners from a distant land (for we could scarcely see the Docks) rowed gaily ashore. It was necessary to lay in provisions, as our three days' store had been roughly handled; we had miscalculated the appetite of the skipper. What else we did at Hythe I refuse to divulge. At eleven o'clock it began to rain, and four of us, after getting in the wrong dinghy (for it was a pitch black night), managed to find our own, and rowed slowly back to the boat. Supper, cards, and a song, with the rain pelting down, and then just before midnight we heard the skipper's voice, above the wind, loudly demanding to be brought aboard. I suggested we should leave him there; but, remembering that he was a bigger man than any of us, we decided that *someone* should row back with the dinghy across that half-mile of black, turbulent water. The poet suddenly developed acute neuralgia, and begged to be excused. I would not suggest that the poet had *not* got neuralgia. What I *do* say is, it's a useful thing to remember.

Well, at last we were all aboard, and the neuralgia died away. About one o'clock a.m. the idea came to us, perhaps slowly, but nevertheless surely, that we should try to settle down for a night's rest. The cabin was made to accommodate two, so the skipper and I suggested that the others might sleep in the dinghy. I put my fingers in my ears and turned away my head. When the uproar had ceased, a compromise was effected; and, if I remember rightly, the biggest had the best places. Two slept in state on the lockers; another couple lay between them on the floor, and the remaining two were stowed away in the bow of the boat with the anchor chains as a pillow. Never shall I forget the difficulties we had of composing ourselves. The whole place was one unholy mixture of tarpaulin, tobacco smoke, butter, boots, rope and a thousand other odds and ends littered about the floor. Still we were merry withal, and if any of the good people of Hythe were stirring at that early hour they must have wondered greatly at the weird noises, the boisterous laughter, and the snatches of College songs coming across the water. I must not dwell longer on this night's work. I remember that someone accidentally overturned the lamp, and when the ensuing commotion had subsided (I like that phrase), I say when the ensuing commotion had subsided, one by one we dropped asleep.

I was awake about four o'clock, and early experienced a nasty sensation within me. I looked out. It was a dull, cold morning, the wind was blowing half a gale, and the boat was dancing about in a most unpleasant manner. We were soon

all astir ; and, though with obvious inward misgivings, nevertheless called loudly for breakfast. We agreed on eggs-and-bacon and coffee, and proceeded to operate on the oil stove. Gradually all but the skipper were assuming a most ghastly shade of yellow, almost merging into green. Someone suggested we might omit the bacon, and we all silently acquiesced. Another asked for the removal of a dish of rich yellow butter, and the pork chops were also discreetly hidden away. I finally contented myself with a dry crust of bread, but endeavoured to enliven matters by bawling out the chorus of the well-known ditty: "All the nice girls love a sailor." I got no further than this first line. The sea called me, and threatened to demand tribute. At that moment we were scarcely objects to excite admiration in a female breast. The skipper ate up the breakfasts for six, and boisterously called on us to help manage the boat. We all silently condemned the skipper and his boat to everlasting perdition. However, matters improved when we had got under way ; and, with a strong head wind, we soon passed Netley and ploughed our way down Southampton Water towards the Spit Buoy. It was truly exhilarating. The foam dashed over us as we tore along, and soon all traces of discomfort had left us. By nine o'clock we had reached Hill Head, and after landing for an hour or so, with the help of a spinnaker, sailed rapidly due west down the Solent with the wind now dead aft. That day seemed altogether out of joint. Meals followed one another at short intervals. We were no invalids, and scorned such formalities as breakfast, dinner, and tea ; for sausages, pork chops, coffee, tinned pineapple, and meat pasties all found good homes with appalling disregard of effects.

In the afternoon we came to a land in which it seemed always—like a London fog, and in the haze we sailed up the Lymington River with difficulty. We dropped anchor off Lymington, and this historic town containing the ancestral domain of one of the unpoetical youths, he thought he might conveniently inquire after the health of his sister, and, incidentally, have tea in a comfortable chair. The skipper and the poet (there was no trace of neuralgia now) thought they might accompany him with advantage. The other unpoetical youth and I went ashore to fill the water cask, and the Mancunian monstrosity remained aboard to tidy up and rest himself. The rain was teeming down, and we had a presentiment that we were in for a bad night. We got it. My readers will remember well the vivid lightning and crashing thunder of that Sunday night in June, 1910. Let them picture to themselves the six Hartley men cooped up in the small cabin

at midnight, with the lightning so vivid that we could distinctly see, for almost minutes at a time, the Needles standing out clearly across the Solent. The skipper thought it best to try to obtain another anchor, in order to prevent the boat from being driven on the mud and overturning. It must have been one o'clock a.m. when the skipper and the Lymington lord rowed up stream in the dinghy, boarded five or six sailing boats, and at last returned with the required article.

We had little sleep that night. The rain was teeming down, and soon was pouring in continuous streams through the roof of the cabin. Though soaked to the skin, still we were merry, and cheerfully endeavoured to avoid the enforced and undesired shower bath. I think I slept for about half-an-hour, but was awakened by a stream of water dropping on my face. As I stirred, about a gallon of water which had collected in the tarpaulin was sent down the neck of the skipper. The editor refuses to print his remarks, for the skipper was very human. And so the night wore on and our cheerfulness wore off, until with early dawn the thunder and lightning ceased, and the skipper thought it best to return the borrowed anchor before the owner could possibly be stirring. On his return we lay huddled together, wet and shivering, until mid-day on Monday. We thought of our fellow-students trooping in to lectures, and chuckled silently. Audible laughter was somewhat incongruous at that stage. By this time we were heartily sick of the boat and everything connected with it ; so, cramped and tired, we rowed ashore, and after a little difficulty procured a good steaming dinner. Our spirits returned, but we decided to turn our backs on Lymington and shake its dust, or rather its mud, from off our feet. We would no longer roam. By four o'clock we were once more afloat, and, though we had an exciting run up the Solent in squally weather, yet there is little else of import to tell.

The old College songs roll across the water and startle the seagulls on the shore ; rapturous verses pour again from the lips of the poet ; the skipper at the helm is smiling loudly ; the Mancunian monstrosity is snoring in the cabin ; the two unpoetical youths fall over one another in the sheer joy of living. All's right with the world.

And I—I would it were always so.



THAT a certain learned Professor chafes under "parental responsibility." (We wonder what his wife would say if she heard this).

THAT at the Debate two Professors tore each other's hair—metaphorically.

THAT they could not have done so actually. Why not try Tatcho?

THAT man is an *animal*—except when he is a *vegetable*.

THAT you can go anywhere with a "kee."

THAT "kai" and "kaa" do not possess this advantage.

THAT the pitch was quite dry at Netley, although covered with water.

THAT this shows the advantage to a team, of having an intellectual captain.

THAT we are sixpence short of the Golden Age. Most of us wish we were *only* sixpence short.

THAT "original research" at Hartley, has resulted in the appearance of yet another "Doctor," who specializes in Hygiene.

THAT as a result of the Welcome Soirée, Mr. Y—ng is inclined to believe in the maxim, "Once Bitterne twice Shirley." We might add "Cave Senatum."

THAT "Pat" is not considered a good judge of beauty. However we might add that several Southampton ladies beg to differ.

THAT "Mush" only had two sausage rolls for supper at Reading; and that he couldn't eat those.

THAT Mr. Sm-th's point in the theatre discussion was a valid one; but that, alas, it cannot be tackled.

THAT Mr. Co-zens would make more *row* with his voice than with his musical instrument, in spite of the enormous size of the latter.

THAT the efforts of the Common Room "Orchestra" were wasted.

THAT the appointments with Miss T-ck-r this term have been numerous.

THAT it could not have been a "bass" gentleman who put in the "twiddly-bits," in the rendering of Kee, Kai, Kaa.

THAT only blind, maimed and decrepit policemen are eligible ro referee in the women's hockey matches.

THAT "There comes the bishop." And she came.

THAT "it is considered an honour for a senior to wear a moustache."

THAT the juniors took the hint and accordingly removed theirs.

THAT the old piano in Room 28, has been changed—most probably because of its complete inability to "porto-bello"

—

THAT the run on "bob-ules" was unprecedented. Ask "Pa."

—

THAT keeping an appointment depends on circumstances.

—

THAT it is better to sing something in the right place than nothing in the wrong.

—

THAT we shall all be upset when we go down below.

—

THAT the best way of thanking the gentleman is by giving him a good clap.

—

THAT Taffy is a Welsh *man* but Tassi is a Welsh *word*.

—

THAT H——— has gone to test the truth of his religious principles.

—

THAT "They'll be starting *that* next!"

—

THAT Benger's food is good for the hair.

—

THAT we never reach total oblivion—how comforting.

—

THAT "poetry is *not* necessary." Then why do Browning?

—

THAT A. Noble is a champion of the House of Lords—naturally.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

* * *

There are few more attractive places in which to spend one's long vacation than in a city so renowned as the French capital, inasmuch as Paris justly possesses the reputation of being the most beautiful city of modern times; in addition to ranking as second only to London in size. Such a holiday possesses a double charm for the Englishman who is visiting France for the first time, for although the two countries are in such close proximity to each other, the national characteristics of the two peoples are essentially different. There is but little to prevent him therefore from having an enjoyable, as well as an extremely beneficial holiday, viewing the beauties of Paris and studying French life.

One would most probably reside with a French family while staying in Paris, in preference to boarding in an hotel. This would, in all probablity, be in a flat, since *Parisiens* inhabit almost exclusively houses built in stories. The private houses, as well as many of the public buildings of Paris, are built of light coloured lime-stone, quarried in the neighbourhood of the city. In fact, the vast caverns under southern Paris are the result of the excavation of this lime-stone. These caverns were subsequently converted into catacombs, in which are deposited the bones of the dead collected from the ancient cemeteries of Paris. With the material thus obtained are reared hugh blocks to a height of six or seven stories, each floor constituting a distinct dwelling, the main door of which can be strongly secured against intrusion by patent locks and bolts. Access to all these floors is gained by a common stair, the foot of which adjoins the rooms of the porter or *concierge*, in such a way that the latter can see all who pass up the staircase. At night, after 10 o'clock, the front door is closed, admittance being obtained by ringing the porter's bell, when the door opens automatically. It is only necessary to give one's name then, when passing the appartments of the *concierge*. These appartments occupy the back portion of the ground floor, the front generally consisting of a shop. A large number, if not the majority of these buildings have not the advantage of gas-lighting, oil lamps generally supplying this deficiency. For the rest, these flats possess most of the comforts of the English dwelling.

What seems more strange to the Englishmen is the scarcity of meals. Compared with his wonted four meals daily, he finds he has to be content with but two. For the hearty

breakfast that one usually makes in England, is substituted a *petit déjeuner*, consisting of a basin of chocolate, cocoa or other beverage according to taste, with a little bread. This is usually swallowed during the process of completing one's morning toilet, the laying of the table being an unnecessary formality. At one o'clock or thereabouts, comes one of the two meals, namely the *déjeuner*, which corresponds approximately to the English "dinner." The remaining meal at 7 o'clock in the evening, namely the *dîner* is very similar, "tea" as a meal being dispensed with. Lovers of tea, or rather its French substitute, coffee, take that delicacy after either of the above meals. Naturally, after this late repast there is no supper, and thus two rather large meals take the place of the Englishman's four moderate (?) meals.

Visiting the wonders of Paris presents few difficulties, for the facilities for passenger traffic are numerous. The favourite method of conveyance is by the *metropolitain* railway, which corresponds to the London Tubes. For this, there is a uniform fare of three *sous* for a second class, and five *sous* for a first-class ticket, which admits the bearer into the station and entitles him to travel as far as he desires to go. In addition there are of course trams, electric, steam and even horse, buses and cabs etc., for all of which the fares are very moderate. In the case of the trams and buses, however, one does not perhaps approve of the distinction of first and second classes made between the inside and outside of these vehicles respectively. Thus should it rain it is necessary to pay extra for shelter, while on the other hand in the summer, those who pay more, fare worse. The ratio between the fares is generally three *sous* to two *sous*, or five *sous* to three *sous*.

Paris is essentially a city of pleasure, and as such, attracts the wealthy from all parts of the world. Hence the American element in particular, especially in the summer, is a conspicuous part of the population. It would perhaps be safe to say, that during the months of August and September, when the aristocracy of Paris have retired to their provincial residences, one would meet as many Americans and English in the fashionable quarters of Paris as true *Parisiens*. These visitors spend their time, during the day at least, in paying visits to the many attractive monuments, museums, churches, gardens, etc., for which Paris is so celebrated. Among them all, there is nothing perhaps so well-known as the Boulevards, and it is these that the visitor is generally most anxious to see. These Boulevards extend in a semi-circular line on the right of the Seine, between the nucleus of the city and its surrounding quarters. Originally they marked the site of the

line of fortifications, hence the name "*boulevard*" which is connected etymologically with the English "*bulwark*." With the growth of the town, however, and the extension of its boundaries, these fortifications were removed, and the existing ones form a rampart upwards of 22 miles in length, containing 56 gates at which are paid the *octroi* dues. The original site of these fortifications, however, is marked by the long series of broad avenues known as the Boulevards, which present the most striking feature of Paris life. They are lined with trees, seats, stalls and kiosques, and teem with a multitude of men and women, while the vehicle traffic is indescribable. Most of the fashionable hotels, *cafés* and shops are situated here; and the scene, especially at night when they are most brilliantly illuminated, is magnificent in the extreme. They extend from the Madeleine, a huge modern church of the Corinthian style, to the Place de la République, with its beautiful statue erected in commemoration of the foundation of the Republic, and thence to the Place de la Bastile, where the Colonne de Juillet marks the site of the ancient prison destroyed during the revolution. Several of the principal theatres are situated along these boulevards as would be expected, notably the Grand Opéra, the Théâtre Français and the Théâtre St. Martin, interesting as being the theatre where Rostand's "Chantecler" is presented. The Porte St. Martin and Porte St. Denis, erected by Louis XIV to celebrate his victories in the Low Countries, are also to be found here.

Among the public squares or *places*, the most noteworthy is the Place de la Concorde, connecting the Gardens of the Tuileries with the Avenue des Champs-Elysées, and embracing a magnificent view of some of the finest buildings and gardens in Paris. In the centre stands the famous Obelisk of Luxor, on the site which stood the revolutionary guillotine, at which perished among others, Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Danton and Robespierre.

To be continued.

THE MARCH OF THE COLL. BRIGADE.

(With apologies to Lord Tennyson.)

\+ \+ \+

To the Coll., to the Coll.,
(Nine o'clock striking),
"Red caps" down High Street move,
Walking and biking;
Forward! the students true,
Their's is a jolly crew;
Into the "Labourer's Home"
Enter they slowly.

Forward! the Coll. brigade;
There's not a man dismayed,
Although there's some that know
Homework is missing;
Their's but to make reply
When asked the reason why
"We'll work our heads off bye-and-bye;"
Into the "Hall of Toil"
Enter they smiling.

Profs. to the right of them,
Profs. to the left of them,
Profs. 'most on top of them
Volley and thunder;
Then sounds the welcome bell,
"Common Room, chaps!" they yell,
And there they rush pell-mell,
Seniors and Juniors.

Plain is the oilcloth there,
Absent the easy chair,
Not too much furniture
Greets the newcomer, yet
No student wonders;
Here all may smoke and sing,
Here is the "boxing ring";
Senior and Junior
Reel from the master-stroke,
Knowing their blunder,
Or from the floor rebound,
Much to their wonder.

Crammin' from nine till one,
Crammin' all afternoon,
Crammin' too late, too soon,
"Some is, some isn't;"
Stormed at with science and art,
Waiting for signals to depart,
They who feel "in the cart"
Back through the Bargate come,
Back from the "Worker's Home,"
All that is left of them,
Left after swotting.

When shall their glory fade?
Of what "hot stuff" they're made
Southampton wonders;
Long live the songs they sing,
Long let their war-cry ring,
Students of Hartley.

A VILLAGE CONCERT.

THE following is an unexaggerated account of a village concert which took place some time ago, and in which I was privileged to take part.

The village (the name of which I will not mention) is to be found on the map of Hampshire, although it is ten miles from any railway station. It was pouring hard when we arrived, and so we were unable to appreciate the drive which, under circumstances, would have been extremely enjoyable, the scenery all around being delightful. We hoped for better weather for the next day, as the village, with its ancient church and interesting connections is well worth a visit. We were told that the concert would be well patronised and that a good audience was expected in spite of the inclemency of the weather.

At an early hour the villagers began to take their places in the schoolroom which had been kindly lent for the purpose. It was very prettily decorated and a platform had been provided at one end. Most of the desks had been placed in other rooms, but some, however, had been left at the end of the room; and upon these the youth of the village established themselves. By eight o'clock the room was quite full, so that the performance began very punctually.

One of the concert committee, the village carrier, had been prevailed upon to give an opening speech, and so, clad in his best, he mounted the platform. He was evidently under the impression that he was climbing up the side of his cart, judging by the enormous height to which he lifted his feet. and the force with which he brought them down again. After clearing his throat, he announced in a tremendous voice, meant, doubtless, for those outside to hear, "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sorry to say that we have been disappointed in some of our performers to-night, but I'm glad to say we've got some better-*r-r*" (this last word in a shout, more resembling a bellow, for which the rising crescendo of his voice had prepared him). This being received with deserved applause from the back and laughter from the front, he continued, "I will now call on Miss ——— to open the concert with a pianoforte solo."

The solo, a Polonaise by Chopin, was received with moderate applause, as was another contribution by the same young lady. It was evidently not rousing enough for the village taste, for "Blake's March" which was thundered out later with clashing chords and vehement octaves in the bass was received with acclamation. In fact one of the youths at the back was overheard to remark on the first performer, "Garn! That ain't music! She makes it up out of 'er own 'ead as she goes along!

After a song or two, a flute solo was announced, and in a few moments on came a funny old man, carrying under his arm a huge pile of "music" which he planted on the ground with a thud. He was, I believe, the village cobbler, who spent every evening tootling on his flute and who would have been most injured if not asked to perform. Five minutes were spent in adjusting his spectacles, fishing out from the pile the piece required and what seemed like spitting into his instrument. At last he began, without any warning to the accompanist, and for a quarter of an hour he played what seemed to be the same tune, plodding on patiently without the slightest variation in time or expression. But we laughed so much at first that we had not time to get bored; for in his endeavour to preserve the rhythm his elbows and his whole body rose and fell at each beat, and at the same time he emphasized the accent by marking time on the floor with his boot. Needless to say, the youth at the back imitated him; and what music there was, was quite lost in the stamping of of feet. He finally did stop, as suddenly as he begun; but he had no intention of ending there, for, taking the uproarous applause which followed as a matter of course, he

had no sooner finished than up came the next piece and he had begun before anyone was aware of it. Another quarter of an hour's tootling ensued, after which he immediately got up and left the platform, feeling no doubt that he had added much to the success of the evening.

For the next item two men walked up with music in hand, mounting the platform from opposite sides. We were preparing for a duet, and were quite supprised when neither they nor the accompanist began. At last one said, "Are you going to sing this song, or am I?" "I'm down on the programme to sing it," answered the other. "But its my song!" cried the first. "No, it's not, it's mine," said the other. The accompanist then turned round and said, "Now, who *is* going to sing it?" And then it appeared that either through rivalry or because neither had received the programme beforehand, they had both prepared the same song. The accompanist had to decide the matter, after which one began to sing triumphantly, whilst the other had to beat an ignominious retreat.

The next song concluded the first half of the programme: and, if as to emphasize the fact, the young lady at the piano, in her endeavour to efface herself as quickly as possible, and seeing nothing in her nervousness, walked straight into the music-stand which had been left standing in the middle, and brought the whole down with a tremendous crash.

The audience now were quite worked up, and the youths at the back were becoming uproarious in a manner not unlike some others I could mention.* They were ready to applaud anything, and they hailed the appearance of a huge man who came up to sing, with stamps and shouts. He was quite ready for the occasion, and began "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" in a stentorian voice. But the song was too high for him; and, after a valiant effort to get through the second line, in a voice which the wildest storm could not have drowned, he shouted, "I can't sing this! It's too high!" and immediately commenced again in a key about five tones lower. Luckily the accompanist was able to follow or he would have been obliged to dispense with what he evidently considered quite unnecessary.

But the concert was not finished yet. Another local artiste had yet to perform. This was a member of the village choir. who very accommodatingly sang tenor or bass as occasion arose.

* Can the writer possibly mean——? But no, she surely cannot be referring to the Hartley men?—SUB. ED.

The accompanist had persuaded him that he *must* help to fill up the programme, and accordingly had endeavoured to teach him "I'm off to Philadephia in the morning." To the last he could not decide whether to sing it in tenor or bass, but finally decided on tenor. He was extremely nervous, and was evidently seized with stage fright when called upon to face the audience. The only thing he was sure about was the chorus; and, in his eagerness to get to it, he sang any word on the copy which caught his frenzied eye, stopped entirely at least a line before the chorus and then, changing suddenly to bass, started off at twice the rate, got through as quickly as possible, and then BOLTED!

We were told that the concert was considered to have been most successful, the only drawback being that the youths at the back, in the enthusiam of their applause, had smashed in the cupboard of the master's desk.

UNTHINKABLES.

THAT one can *think* of "*un*thinkables."

IF Mr. R—dge should forget his flannel.

THAT Mr. Sm—ll, should be "chucked off," for "dirty play."

THAT "Onions," should have parted with his moustache.

IF the newly-formed Women's Swimming Club, should be incorporated with the Men's.

IF Mr. J-hns-n, were to forget to ask a question.

IF the readers remembered to patronise the advertisers in the magazine.

IF Mr. C—sn's monocle should fall during Lancers.

THE REFORMATION OF BELINDA BLINDERS.

♦ ♦ ♦



"YES," said her tutor, "she is a most conscientious and hard-working girl."

None of his hearers could have any doubt to whom he referred. Belinda Blinders was these adjectives to the nth degree. She was aggressively so. In the Hostel, in the tramcar, in the Common Room, even in private study, she concentrated on her books.

She knew her lectures on Hygiene by heart.

She revelled in the intricacies of Browning, and would spend hours with an encyclopædia in unravelling them.

She never stuck at a problem in algebra. She always got it out to the answer at the end of the book. Except once, when she made a mistake and worked it out to the answer of the succeeding question.

Above all she delighted in Barrell. She would read him by day, and meditate by night. She carried him with her to church. She could repeat—some even say, understand—his three definitions of an angle.

In the morning the whirr of a cheap alarum clock—much blessed by her neighbours—roused her from slumber at six o'clock. Greedily she would stretch for her note-books and Barrell, and debauch with him until ten minutes from breakfast. These sufficed her to dress. She bundled her hair into a knot at the back of her head, and jabbed a few hairpins through it. So much study left her no time for sewing; buttons, hooks, and eyes, had one by one departed from her garments, and she came down to college with these kept together by the precarious hold of innumerable safety pins.

In the Common Room, instead of busily between mouthfuls talking scandal of those in authority, she would retire to a corner and ponder over her next criticism lesson.

Poor Belinda! she was a desperate case. But retribution came. And reformation followed.

One day she found herself—she could not tell how—walking along the women's corridor. Suddenly at the end of it a well-known figure appeared and came towards her. She stopped dead in amazement. Could it be possible that the countenance of our grave and portly caretaker should wear such a look of

intense joy, of unmitigated glee? And could it be possible that his step as he approached her should be a compound of waltz and *pas de quatre?*

"Miss Blinders," he said, turning a gleeful double somersault, "you are requested to attend a meeting of the staff in the library. Follow me."

A sickening dread filled Belinda's heart. What had she done? An explanation flashed across her guilty conscience. The day before she had *looked* at one of the second year men. That glance had been observed. She would be expelled.

Her steps faltered as she followed her prancing guide. As she approached the stairs a sudden noise burst upon her ear. It came from the library—but surely not from the staff? For its ingredients were shouts of laughter, cries of "bravo," "encore," "once again," and the clapping of hands and stamping of feet.

When she entered the room a strange spectacle met her eyes. The staff were seated round two tables. On their faces was that same expression of radiant glee which had transformed the countenance of her guide. Even their dress was rejuvenated. Instead of one white waistcoat there were eleven. No longer was sombre black the prevailing colour.

On one of the tables a Professor was, with marvellous agility, performing an Irish jig. On the other, a lady member of the staff had just finished a graceful skirt dance. It was this that had called forth the uproarious applause. As Belinda entered, the dancing ceased, and all turned upon her countenances of sorrow rather than anger.

Then Belinda noticed that a stranger presided over the gathering. The glee on the faces of the others seemed almost sadness when compared with that on his. Joy seemed to radiate from him as light from the sun.

"Belinda Blinders," he said, "it has been reported to us that you are the most hardworking student in the College. You are always working. From early morn to dewy eve, on half-holidays, on Saturdays, on Sundays, you grind at your books."

Belinda's face brightened. Was she to be complimented?

"Wretched girl," continued the speaker more sternly, "do not think I am praising you. I am the Spirit of Joy. Under my influence, as you may observe, a great change has come over both the appearance and demeanour of the College staff. Moreover, I have entirely altered their principles of education. No longer are they here to make you work. They are here to

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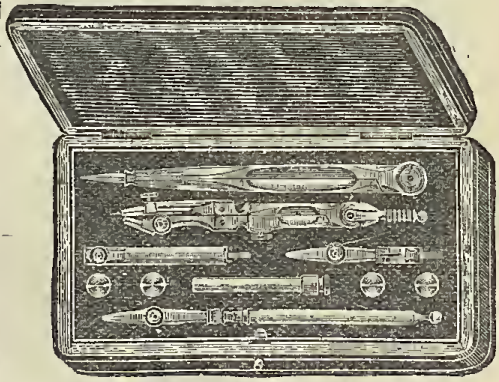
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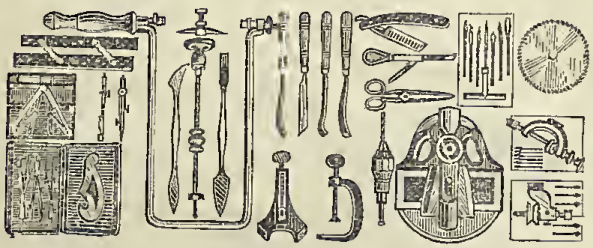
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give you a good time. In short they have a motto—"Always merry and bright."

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"This rule you have grievously broken. You are young, and youth should be *my* age, the age of joy. Instead, you are leading a sad and mirthless life. Your sole pleasure is the Pharisaic one of being superior to your fellow students."

Belinda would have spoken, but he promptly prevented her.

"Say no word in excuse or denial. Your way of life has been carefully observed. Even last night, when you supposed yourself in the solitude of your bedroom, the eyes of two Professors were fixed upon you."

Abruptly he turned to the others, "What shall be her punishment?" he asked.

"A Professor rose, his face wreathed in smiles. "I think," he said, "we should make an example of her."

"Since she is so fond of books," came another voice, "let us pelt her with them."

With a shout of delight the whole staff rushed to the book-cases. Belinda turned to flee, but too late. A perfect hail of all sorts and sizes of books prevented her exit. From a distance of two yards a short-sighted lecturer missed her with a ponderous Latin dictionary.

Belinda ducked right and left to avoid the fusillade. In doing so she hit her head violently against the bed-post, and woke up.

Just at that moment her alarum clock sounded. It was five minutes to six. On a small table close at hand lay ready a few notebooks and Barrell.

For a few minutes she lay and meditated on her dream. Then she seized Barrell and hurled him out of the window. Next she hunted out needle and thread and busily sewed on hooks and buttons.

She spent thirty-five minutes over her hair, and fifteen minutes in deciding whether she would wear a dark blue or light green ribbon. Meanwhile mathematics remained undone.

A lecturer came round that morning in class and asked to see her homework. Belinda at once adopted the chief feminine means of defence. She gave him a smile and a blush. They were successful.

LINES COMPOSED AFTER HEARING MR. MUSH SMITH SING.

♠ ♠ ♠

When M—— S—— sings, the world to me
Appears to brighten, all is joy,
And I can dream of happiness
Until my senses cloy.
The world with joyful music rings
When M—— S—— sings.

When M—— S—— sings, I feel no more
The pinch of poverty or woe.
I feel myself in glorious health
From top-most hair to toe.
Misery to itself takes wings
When M—— S—— sings.

When M—— S—— sings, the audience
To the door marked "Exit" fly.
The weakest get pushed to the wall,
Are crushed to death and die.
Always empty are the halls
When M—— S—— bawls.

When M—— S—— sings, the world goes black,
The rain comes pouring down,
The vegetation withers up,
A fog comes o'er the town,
And everything is blotted out,
By his great shout.

When M—— S—— sings, the Hartley Coll.
Is shaken to its base.
The Common Room fire goes out with fright,
The chairs move out of place.
The very ink pales in the wells,
When M—— S—— yells.

When M—— S—— dies, his voice will cease
To charm his fellow men.
The nation then will mourn his loss,
Who sang like any wren (?)
What will avail all earthly ties
When M—— S—— dies?

When he is dead, oh glorious thought,
His voice will go with him
Into the grave, and there decay
Beneath the glow worm's glim.
And when he's dead, we shall rejoice
For release for aye from his sweet voice.

THE TALE OF A TUB.—By Swift Junior.

* * *

This is no ordinary episode of a common or garden barrel, but of a Barrell (capital "B" Mr. Printer, and also a duplicated "l.")

Its texture is not of wood—though much of the contents are certainly pithy,—but consists of strong serviceable paper (rather too stiff for shaving purposes, but admirably suited for wrapping up cheese, fried-fish and other useful commodities). The perpetration first saw the light in the dim ages: in fact it was probably so dark that the author had perforce to arrange the pages by hazard—but this is beside the point.

The papyrus contains hieroglyphics enough to terrify an ordinary Normal being, while their intricate mosaic patterns stamp the originator of this monstrosity, as being a workman of exceeding great cunning. Ever and anon (which being interpreted means rarely) the weakest imagination is suddenly flooded with conceptions worthy of the gods. "The universe is filled with a countless variety of things, and all these things must be somewhere"!!! How many have realised the terrible significance of this! What chaos would result if all these things were nowhere.

Tradition has it that this sacred copy of the ancient Blitherrers was bartered to the Jews for Boadicea's coat of mail; but it is certain that the document was smuggled, one dark night, (for a small commission) into the ancestral abode of the H.U.C.'s.

Now the Huc's swore by the writings of one Hawl Stephens and worshipped not the terminological inexactitudes of strange gods; but a mighty chief arose and said "Lo! this is Diogeness' Barrell. Let us therefore follow his teachings. And verily he prevailed; but darkness reigns over the land of the Huc's for

ever; the soothsayers and wise men from the East (End of London) cannot decipher its tile patterns and cryptic signs.

Haply thy sun emerging yet may shine,
And good Hawl Stephens come again to stay;
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine
And Homework will be joyful as in former day.

(*Apologies to Buy-One*)

[EDITORIAL NOTE:—A modern copy for sale. Price 2 sesterces, discount 99% for cash; or would exchange for a mouth-organ.]

IMPRESSIONS OF FRENCH LIFE AND CUSTOMS.

▼ ▼ ▼

BACON tells us in one of his essays that "travel in the younger sort is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience." Not belonging decidedly to either of these "sorts," I believe I have reaped the advantages gained by both. In visiting "la belle France" it was my intention to "*perfectionner*" my French, and in thus schooling myself I gained that knowledge of the Frenchman and his manner of living of which I wish to write a few lines.

The night of my departure from Southampton for Cherbourg, my destination and holiday centre, was none of the pleasantest; and, having become aware by former sea-trips that I was no sailor, I had my apprehensions as to what sort of a passage I should have. My fears were only too well founded—I regret to say I could not "hold my own!" Two young Frenchmen were in the same cabin as myself; they slept most soundly the whole time. How I envied their peaceful slumbers! After a passage lasting about eight hours we passed the famous breakwater. This marvellous construction, 2½ miles long, made of solid granite, was commenced in 1776. Work was interrupted by the Revolution, and resumed by the order of Napoleon in 1802, and was completed in 1853. It was a work of great magnitude and cost, but has really been the making of Cherbourg as a port of call. Having passed this lasting memorial to the patient and determined work of man, we were not long in coming alongside the landing station. My host and his son met me at the quay with a grand motor-car. Having no contraband I was soon passed on by the Customs officers, and we were soon spinning through the narrow streets of Cherbourg towards the magnifi-

cent residence of Monsieur on the outskirts of the town. On my arrival I received a very ceremonious introduction to the other members of the family.

Monsieur was a typical Frenchman of a most pleasant and jovial manner, a sucessful man of business, and a highly respected citizen.

Madame certainly did not come up to my expectations, as I had heard such glowing accounts of *la gaie Parisienne*, etc., that I fancied all French ladies possessed the same graceful and fascinating qualities. My hostess, however, was an exception; for she was of a most demure and pessimistic turn of mind, always exclaiming, "*Je n'ai pas de chance*," and such-like expressions, which tend to an unhappy state of mind. Perhaps her many bereavements will account for this.

The father of Monsieur was a dear old gentleman, a former *Professeur du Lycée*. The old gentleman, having all his time at his disposal, interested himself in my study of the French language, and many were the pleasant *promenades* we took together.

Marcelle—does this name remind the Common Room fellows of a certain brand of cigars?—was the only and much-cherished daughter of the family, and consequently running a great risk of becoming an *enfant gâtée*. Léon, the son, was a lad who on my arrival was told off by his father to be my constant companion and instructor in the language. We often took walks together, but I soon noticed that the boy was very loth to leave the town, and that in the course of our strolls we continually returned to the same corner of a certain square, where I remarked he cast longing glances at the windows of a particular house. Making a little addition sum of all these significant facts, and my suspicions being confirmed by the conversation at the table, I found that Léon was paying his court to *une fillette aux yeux noirs* who lived in this aforementioned house! I found Léon a very quiet and somewhat uninteresting companion; for he talked but little, speaking only when I put a question to him. Although I fully sympathised with the amorous youth, whose thoughts were so engrossed by *la fillette* that his relation with the lesser important things of this life were relegated to the realms of oblivion, yet I found his companionship rather unprofitable, and so I struck up partnership with his grandfather, and left Léon unmolested to pursue his quest.

The times of meals and of rising and retiring were strictly defined and observed. The menu on the whole was good, and

my appetite adjusted itself to some strange dishes and courses. The two luxuries of the table I could not persuade my English taste to partake of were the "tinned" frogs and boiled snails! I also abstained from certain "sauces" on principle. The long "*interval*" between some of the meals put a great strain upon a well-constituted English stomach.

Now for a description of Cherbourg and district. The town is celebrated mainly as an important station of the French Navy, and as a port of call for Trans-Atlantic liners. As many as three or four of the latter vessels call there in a single day, and the number of emigrants leaving this port from all parts of Europe is really astonishing. The town of Cherbourg itself is not at all attractive or well laid out. The streets are narrow and its drainage system very bad. There are two market days a week, and then it is that the peasants bring their produce to town. There is a Market Square and also two or three *halles*. It is interesting to see the peasant women squatting about with their goods spread out before them on the floor. The Market Square was not without its attractions, for, in addition to the ordinary buying and selling of produce, it had various side shows, viz., a *clairvoyante's* establishment, a human pincushion, and several little lotteries, of which the French are so fond.

The environs of Cherbourg stand out in striking contrast from the town itself, and are very charming: the general scenery greatly resembles that of England, especially some parts of Devonshire.

We took several motor rides into the country. There is no speed-limit in France, except in towns, so you may imagine we travelled, and unfortunate was the fowl, goose, or almost anything save a human being that got in our path!

The roads are simply magnificent, especialy *La Route Nationale*, or the road to Paris. They are well kept up, and so straight that one can at times see ahead for miles; they outclass our English roads completely.

On one occasion we paid a visit to a very famous lighthouse at Gatteville, and ascended its flight of 365 steps. It has a height of 72 metres (234-ft.); we were told that during a violent tempest the tower perceptibly sways! We also visited the grand and majestic cliffs of Jobourg (400-ft. high), and had such curiosity to see the "Devil's Hole" that we undertook the hazardous descent. *En route* to Jobourg we could see the Isle of Alderney and also Cape de la Hogue, off which point an important sea engagement took place in the 17th century.

The French workman in the towns has no Saturday afternoon holiday, as his more fortunate brother on the other side of the Channel; he works all the week through, and it not unfrequently happens that he has to work Sunday morning. His wages are poor and his food dear; the prices of flour, sugar, tea, matches, etc., are all dearer than in England.

The Frenchman's only chance for a little recreation is on the Sunday; in the morning he goes to Mass (if he is a good Catholic), and may do what he likes the rest of the day. Nearly all the shops are open, and it is possible that they do *les meilleures affaires* of the week. For the convenience of the public all the *fêtes* and festivities take place on the Sunday—indeed, it is the Frenchman's day of pleasure!

The peasants of Normandy are hard-working, industrious people. They are a simple and primitive class of society. Their dress is most picturesque. These good people speak a *patois*, or dialect, which little resembles French, and Parisiens have told me that it is quite unintelligible to them. Normandy is a great agricultural country, and its breeds of cattle have a wide-spread reputation. When riding along the country-side one cannot help noticing the great number of tenantless and abandoned cottages. As in our own country, the agricultural labourer is leaving the country for the towns.

These simple country people are most religious to all outward appearances; each small village has its church, and the road-sides are dotted here and there by numerous *Calvaires* (our Lord upon the Cross), which, on passing, the devout Catholic never fails to cross himself.

The educational system in France is very good, I should say. There are the *écoles primaires* for the poorer classes, and the *Lycées* for the children of well-to-do parents. Each large town has its *Lycée*, and all these fine schools form part of the University of France. The *baccalaurêat* is taken in two annual parts, and is about equivalent to our Intermediate.

From what I know of the railways of France, I should say they are not nearly so well appointed as our English lines. I have had personal experience of the *Chemin de fer de l'Ouest*, which is owned by the State. Notwithstanding its nationalisation, it is said to be the worst managed line in France. It is, in fact, endangering one's life to travel any distance which requires speed. Its management is being denounced and ridiculed in the newsapers, and only last summer two or three terrible catastrophies took place upon its rails.

I well remember one trip of twenty miles I had on this line; the fare was 2/2½, third class. We started at 6.45 p.m., and arrived at our destination at 9.30 p.m.!

The French as a nation are heavily taxed, and the *impots* have been continually increasing for years; bicycles are taxed 3/- per annum. It is not possible to put such an announcement in your window as "Apartments to Let" without having to pay for a *timbre d'affiche!* There is also another very curious device which is employed to increase the revenue, viz., *l'octroi.* At each entrance to a large town is stationed a soldier, whose duty it is to stop each vehicle and search it. If it contains any load, then it is taxed according to its bulk or weight before it is allowed to enter the town. Thus each market trap is held up, and the peasants have to pay so much upon their dairy produce, etc. This means of obtaining revenue is even employed in Paris, and, of course, is a hindrance and nuisance to vehicular traffic.

There are certain little things in French life which strike us as peculiar. The first is the lack of liberty of the French girl of the better class. She is under constant *surveillance.* Even when her *fiancé* visits her a third person is always on the scene.

In butchers' shops one can see joints of meat stamped by the borough veterinary, which stamp certifies the date on which the animal was killed and to its goodness for food.

Dogs are made use of in drawing along small trucks, barrows, etc. The Frenchman has some rather peculiar notions respecting his English neighbour. He says that we are as a nation phlegmatic, not easily stirred to action. The Englishman, however, is renowned for his business capacities, and they say his favourite maxim is "Time is money." Another strange opinion he has is that the English are gluttons! Fancy their having four meals a day (French have only two). What *gourmands*! He also thinks that we eat plum pudding every day!

Another unaccountable idea that the Frenchman has is that all English soil belongs to the Lords, and it is with the utmost difficulty that I managed to convince my host that a few private individuals possessed a little.

The relations between the two nations now seem most cordial. Many have been the hearty handshakes I have received when it was known I was an *Anglais.* Formerly French feeling was not so friendly towards us; in fact, it amounted to intense hatred. I have been told that formerly

when a Frenchman had finished his dinner he always said, "One more that the English won't have;" but now I believe they substitute the word "Germans" for "English." May these good relations between France and England continue.

Everywhere I went I was heartily received, and had the greatest politeness and courtesy shown me. It will be with great pleasure that I shall always recall the incidents of my holiday of 1910.

THE BARGATE.

\+ + +

The Bargate, although not a structure almost overwhelming in grandeur, is just one of those ancient, time-worn relics of the past which are scattered here and there all over England, and of which she is so justly proud. There it stands, guarding the south, as it has stood for countless generations; the dust of time covers its stones; and the passing years crown it ever more and more with the hoar of age.

What secrets do the venerable stones hold locked within them! Could but their voiceless tongues be given speech, what stories might they tell of bygone years! How many suns have cast their shadows on its ancient dial? How many children have gazed up wonderingly at its rearing lions? How many souls have lived and worked close beneath the shadow of its battlements? What countless numbers of living, struggling, human beings have passed beneath its shade, each with his own interests, his own aspirations, his own life-struggle! How varied have been the scenes upon which the stern old stones have bent their gaze—the troublous days of anarchy, when "the survival of the fittest" seemed to be the only law; the tramp, tramp, of thousands of soldiers, marching under the banner of the Warrior King, many of them destined to breathe their last under a foreign sky; the dark traitors, whose blood flowed forth in retribution, even on the very stones of the Bargate itself; the sad and jealous Queen with the southern King, whose very looks showed something of the working of his ambitious heart; gay Cavaliers and stern Ironsides—these and many more have passed in far-off years beneath the ancient stones. They look down still to-day, but now upon the bustle of modern life—men and women hurrying to and fro, some to their work, others bent on pleasure; yet, within them all, there are many of the same hopes, the same aspirations, and the same

struggles which dwelt in the hearts of their countrymen of past ages, and which ever bind man to man in inseparable brotherhood.

And so the Bargate stands as strong to-day as in the days of old. Experience has made it wise, and within its heart are locked many secrets, some of which are perhaps known only to itself. Still may it stand in the future as it has stood in the past, an everpresent witness to men of the days gone by, and of the bond which, regardless of the lapse of time, ever binds man to man across the centuries.

In 1930.

A southern town of shipping fame,
Boasted a 'varsity college.
But funds ran low, yet still there came
Students in search of knowledge.

The prospects wore no rosy hue
For future education.
To give that college but its due
T'was needful to the nation.

An effort great, no mean attempt,
Could satisfy ambition.
So Senate, Staff and Students meant
To aid in its retention.

Successful they emerged at last,
And now that college see,
In lofty state, from out the past,
Rising triumphantly.

So now that southern seaport old,
Quite truthfully can say;
"My college now, its own can hold
With any of the day."

THE READING MAN.

♦ ♦ ♦

When I peruse that careworn countenance,
 When I behold you swotting in the night
Till you are in your customary trance,
 In some unhappy plight;

When I compare the lives that men endure,
 The hard hours working for their country's good,
With yours, a lazy, beastly sinecure,
 Unbroken, save for food.

Stirred to the limits of mine injured pride
 At your outrageous happings of life,
O Swot, if I could teach you, I'd
 Learn ye to take a wife.

Judged by your snug complacency, you seem
 To think yourself a strangely favoured dog,
But no, you never catch of life one gleam,
 You hurry home to slog.

You never budge. For your voracious need
 Mysterious books are brought from dusty
Corners, and these suffice your "feed,"
 To make you very musty.

The great pile rests beneath your very snout,
 You eat and sleep upon the bulky lot,
And you object to see them moved about,
 You'd rather they were not.

O Swot, O sad, insufferable Swot,
 Do you think that your ambitions spring
From aspirations great. If you think that rot,
 You would rot anything.

Oft have I noticed hovering in your eye,
 When you, unknowing, swot away the hour,
A weary look, from which all *men* imply
 That life to you is sour.

O Swot, so slow, so green, do but awake
 To the ferocious menace of man's eyes,
You would swot less, methinks, but you would take
 A deal more exercise.

"ORDER IN DISORDER."

† † †

The headings of the pages of *Thring's "Theory and Practice of Teaching"* form a sort of general *knowledge shop*, *olla podrida* or *King Topsy Turvy*, which *the boy of Thessaly*, during *weekly lectures* attended with *eyes shut*, *ears closed*, has unconsciously imbibed. During this process of *examining nothing*, he was mentally *composing* with *artistic skill* (?) a *blurred chromograph* from this *ready made clothes shop*. It was a case of *observe*, *picture*, *answer*. With an *idiotic genius* which is an *inherent failure*, the writer *picking up dropped stitches*, by a process of *sentence anatomy* in which the *sense determines* (*the*) *construction*, has, one might say, *run the goose down*, and made a *classification of faults*. The writer having no *infallible power*, however, this is not a case in which *genius stoops to conquer*, but simply *non-official work*. On the grounds that *thoroughness is a fallacy*, he has not avoided *sham mistakes*, or even *lunatic mistakes;* and if the reader finds *bad repetition*, he must remember the *rigidity of words*. The author recognises that *plunder is not skill;* hence this is but a *do-nothing labour*. He hopes, however, that he has produced *something to think about* from this *school-boy's briar patch*, if not a *saleable article*. We have then the *quagmire got rid of*, and the *briar patch bears fruit*, whether in *English or Chinese*.

N.B.—Nothing has been said about the Masters.

"The Beginning and the End."

If the State were to adopt the *free endowment of beer*, generally recognised as *the best life power*, one would have *a new world brought close*. Then should we have a good old *pot-hunting;* and as a result, some *magic transformations*. Taking for example a *comparison of language*, he whom words generally fail, now has *language pre-eminent;* before, *perfect fixity and perfect mobility;* now, *dragged or guided*. But *what has legislation to say?* It only remains to add that *the prison walls are open*, and *the true disciple gets inside*.

"Inattention."

All admit that *lecturing is a performance*, in which the principle actor is *the lecturer*, and that *elaborate parrots are not wanted*. However, although the *lecturer* lets fall many *fructifying thought germs* in his effort to get *stupidity banished*, *Greek*

sunshine and London fog are alike to the Student who possesses a firm *unbelief in training*. Since *all have legs* and *no cripples* attend class, why have *lessons in chairs? Pillows, chairs and learners* do not go together. The result is disastrous—*inattention, indifference, sleep*. *The learner's object* is not to discover *how to translate Pope's dictum*, or *how to baffle Pharaoh* with *Trollope's axiom* nor to determine *market price and real value* by means of *axioms and rules*, nor even to find the *philosopher's stone*. Leaving such questions as *Why we learn? Why not?* aside, his aim is simply to discover *HOW to learn*. Hence much of the *material and the work* presented to *the audience* is like *flinging peas* at *birds that won't feed*, and, although few are *diners*, the majority are *dinnerless*. Since *dreams are not illegal*, lecturing is but *tootling to the deaf*, and the result is *snores*. In vain might the *lecturer* liken his *class* to a *lunatic asylum*. To questions put there would be *no answers*, or at the most but *guesses and snapshots* from a few *sloppy minds*, or a *machinery of answers* from some *intellectual automatons*. Thus it is doubtful, indeed, *whether education has begun*, or whether so-called *inattention* is not mere *judicious blindness and deafness*. Let the *lecturer* then, abandon the *block system*, the *first, second and last* which so often predominates. At present *the pump rules the world*. List to *the prophet voice*. Accept *Plato's testimony, abolish the pump, train;* and, applying the *intellectual lash*, that *school failures may be got rid of*, set up *a new despotism*, an *elaborate anarchy* which will tend to *efficient life and true education*.

IN THE MORNING." ✂ ✂

(*To the tune of John Peel*).

♥ ♥ ♥

D'ye ken the cold at the break of day,
D'ye ken the cold as we wend our way,
On cycle or foot or car did you say,
With red nose and cold toes
In the morning.

CHORUS— For the sound of a voice brought me from my bed,
And the cry of my Ma, which I always dread,—
"Get up at once you sleepy head
To your bacon and eggs
In the morning."

D'ye ken the students with caps of red,
D'ye ken that they've just come from bed,
For some look alive and some half dead,
With books and with bag
In the morning.

CHORUS— For the sound of the bell brought them from bed,
And the cry of the maid which they always dread,—
"Get up at once you sleepy heads,
To your porridge and bread
In the morning."

D'ye ken how they scramble, for it's just on time,
D'ye ken its a half mark at five past nine,
And the Prof. will glare and exact the fine
From the bad man and maid
In the morning.

CHORUS— For the Holy Rood clock makes us double our pace,
And wrinkle our brows and screw up our face,
Then we laugh like fits, for its a hopeless case
To get there by nine
In the morning.

SMILES.

* * *



INSPECTOR (examining class): "Now boys, can you tell me why the days are longer in summer than in winter?"

Silence, until the dunce raises his hand.

"Yes Brown?"

"Please Sir, because the heat expands them."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

♥ ♥ ♥

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following—*Tamesis* (Reading), *The Gong* (Nottingham), *The Dragon* (Aberystwyth), *The Northerner* (Armstrong), *The Wintonian*, *The Lodestone* (Birkbeck), *The Students' Magazine* (Royal Albert Memorial), *The What-Not* (Bristol).

Reading is to be congratulated on the *format* of *Tamesis*. It is a beautifully produced magazine, and does credit to the æsthetic tastes of the editors. They even go to the length of including beautiful reproductions of pictures in colour. What full coffers they must have at Reading!

The printed matter also maintains a high level of excellence. We take the liberty of quoting from the diary of Miss Pepys who is apparently passing, during this present year of grace, through the Training Department:—

"Saturday, October 22nd. At 6 o'clock to a revel, where folks made merry, and some danced, and many—did not, ... Came one who dragged by the arm a reluctant youth, who was presented to me, and gruffly informed me many times that he was no dancer. I believed him. I, with my partner, did grievous hodily damage to many inoffending persons, while performing revolutions on a space of about the same circumference as one half penny, my partner meanwhile playing a new game which included bouncing on my toes. I, being hurled headlong down the room, was not much comforted to learn that my partner foresaw it all.—— Home, much hruised and more incensed."

What an apt and inspired description of the doings of our Physical Culture Club!

We take the liberty in making a further quotation which aptly voices the opinions of many concerning the futility of theory and the utility of practice, the contrast between those talk *ad nauseam* in the airy realms of theory and those who live the hard and strenuous life of practical work:—

I.

"An airy room: At the far end
A lecturer of dignified address;
Before hiu ranks of Students who attend
And make their notes of doubtful usefulness.

II.

A class-room. Fifty gay tumultuous boys,
Faced by a teacher. Be they friends or foes,
He gains a strong acquaintance with the joys
Of work—as well as of its woes"

So much for *Tamesis*.

The Dragon is another pleasantly produced magazine and is made unique by the inclusion of a transcript of a newly discovered manuscript dealing with highly abstruse matters. It is intitled—

Phactzandphansysinmî Brânbokz,

which we take to be a Fo'netic transcript of

Facts and Fancies in my Brain Box.

The M.S. affords excellent exercise to a man with a liking for palæography and textual criticism, and we accordingly invite correspondence and commentary on the following lines which are written in highly idomatic but at the same time, poetical language:—

Hêrekowntzbowhêpaszd throoeoounderphul egzam Phlabergastidthegsamners—nowhêizarjunt. Thêsarjuntinphormzthemovawlthatasappend.

From *The Gong* we make a quotatiou which seems very apt at the present moment. Readers will recall the scene in the Men's Common Room on that ever-to-be-remembered day when Mr. Child was returned to the House as Unionist member for the Hartley constituency:—

"*Of Elections.*"

[By Lord Ham-and-Eggs, with apologies to Bacon.]

Elections serve for quibbling, for self-glorification, and confusion. Their chief use for *Quibbling* is in Bombastic Argumente, and in the inditing of Epistles, for *Self glorification* is in haranguing the mob, and for *Confusion* is in manipulation of the mathematics. For by this, expert Politicians can *Mystify*, and perhaps confute the Truth in Particulars, one by one; but the Councils of the *Unlearned* do show forth the Truth. Involutions and Deceits for the unwary Elector come best from those that are *Learned*. To spend *too little* time in Elections shows Frivolity; to use them too little for Self-glorification is neglect of *Opportunity*, therefore, I council thee, speak much and often to an empty room; to form Opinion too little by their Precepts is the Humour of the Scholler.

Crafty men rejoice in Elections for the attainment of Worldly ends; *Simple men* men consider their Humour; and *Wise men* rejoice not in them; for they teach not Righteousness, for that is a tbing not to be sought in Elections.

How true!

POST BAG.

♦ ♦ ♦

Should the Staff wear Coll. Caps?



DEAR MR. EDITOR.

I see that the controversy over this question, which has raged with great heat during the term, has culminated in a letter to the *Times*, in which a partisan of the *Anti-Coll.-Cap-for-the-Staff* party declaims with great eloquence in support of his arguments. I am one of the *Pro-Coll.-Cap-for-the-Staff* party, and after seeing the above-mentioned letter, I feel called upon to break a lance in defence of my convictions and of the convictions of my party.

In short then, I am most strongly of opinion that the staff *should* wear Coll caps on all occasions. Why should they not? Can any sensible man who considers for a moment, bring forward any valid objections? No, Mr. Editor, he cannot. For the justice of the thing is obvious. I will consider typical members of the staff in relation to the Coll. caps, and at the same time indicate the lines along which the reform policy of my party would work.

We may take then as our initial example the great *Dr. Ten-Sixty-Six*. Call up before your mind's eye Mr. Editor, the image of the grave and reverend Doctor in a Coll. cap. Oh what a joyous, happy and blissful sight! The learned Doctor strikes me as resembling on ordinary occasions nobody so much as our ancient and esteemed friend Mr. Pickwick. Who has not watched with joy welling in his heart, the smiles mantling on the fair round visage of the learned professor, and the eyes twinkling behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, as he enunciates those ancient but ever-verdant jokes which come forth every year in their correct order and at the correct moments? You see the resemblance to our jolly, gold-bespectacled Mr. Pickwick? Quite so. Then I think that you will quite agree with me Mr. Editor, that nothing would so set off the typical 1066*'ian* smile, and complete the resemblance to Mr. Pickwick, than a College cap. Then I beg, you, Mr. Editor, on behalf of our party to intercede with the learned Doctor, and get him to introduce this much-needed reform.

Then there is another learned gentleman to be considered in relation to the College caps, and that is *Mr. Cicero*. I maintain, most emphatically, that this celebrated classic scholar should wear one. It is a liberal education in itself merely to imagine him pacing the "*High*" in company with *Dr. Ten-Sixty-Six*, both of them in those little maroon coloured caps with the tiny blue buttons. There would doubtless be expressions of surprise and delight from the plebeians, but what of that? Let them stride forward with Spartan fortitude and Stoical indifference. Why, Cæsar was a bearded man for a certain period, and recked not of the remarks of the onlookers. Then why should our modern Roman hesitate to transform his appearance with a cap? Yes, Mr. Editor, I am quite sure that he *would* look nice.

And now let us consider the ladies. Suppose we take as our typical example *Miss Obvious* and her bosom friend *Miss Thring*. What could be more desirable than that these ladies should wear sailor hats circled by those absurdly narrow bands which the men refuse to wear? One can imagine them pacing in their accustomed military wise, the Western Shore, that abode of everything that is beautiful and soul-elevating. Pacing in

such wise, with their badges placed witb mathematical precision above their noses, they would feel themselves knit by a closer bond of union (if that were possible). They would be a sight to inspire poets (with effusions for the next Mag. Take the hint O Poets). Men would rhapsodise, with their eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling." And when they hove within sight of College, round the corner of St. Michael Street, the grave and reverend Professors in Coll. caps would be lined up to receive them with low obsequious bows, while the common herd would greet them witb loud ringing acclamation and applause. Oh, it would be a sight to inspire the gods. The very elements would withhold their roughness and Zephyrus would woo them with soft kisses, while *Mr. Kelly* (not of Isle-of-Man fame would murmer when he saw *Miss Thring*—"*Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo.*"

Well, Mr. Editor, I think you will agree with me that I have stated the case for the *Pro-Coll.-Cap-for-the-Staff* party, with overwhelming arguments, and I would take this opportunity of exhorting and entreating all sensible men to vote solidly and in a body at the forthcoming election for tbe party which would introduce this reform. Think of the amount of joy which would be produced for the Students if the Staff were to adopt our policy. People, such as our opponents, who would deprive the Staff of caps, are killjoys, and so are to be shunned and eschewed. Don't listen to those alarmists who rave about the Lords. That isn't the point.

Well, Mr. Editor, I have endeavoured thus shortly to outline the policy of my party and so with many apologies for taking up your valuable space, I beg to remain,

Thine till the crack of doom,

RIDICULUS.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Other controversies which are arousing wide-spread interest and discussion at the present moment, and upon which correspondence is invited are:—

Do we want a new College?
Should the men's Common Room be open all day?
Why the men Students do not wear monocles at Soirées.
. . etc,. etc. . ,

(We have received the following charming letter apropos of the Theatre tragedy.—SUB-ED.)

To the men Students.

DEAR FELLOW-STUDENTS,

Yes, we've heard all about it. How tbat one Tuesday evening, you were going to put all your books on one side, and have a "night off." That you were going to see the "Dollar Princess." That about a hundred of you were going. That you were going to smoke. That you were going to sing. *How* you were going to sing! That the College Band was to make its public début. That you were going to cheer. Ob! what a "ripping" time you were going to have.

That it is best not to count one's chickens before they are hatched. That "An important meeting, Theatre business," would be beld on Tuesday morning. We saw grave and glum faces. We beard husbed and anxious voices. That in consequence of the present state of affairs "authority"

hoped you would not go. That should you go or should you not? That perhaps a sacrifice was advisable for more reasons than one. That you would *not* go. That it was very disappointing. That what *could* you do? That you *would* do something. That you would *not* lose your money after all. Then, hallelujah! you would have a "smoker." That *that evening* you would have a "smoker." That you would go to the Queen's. That you would meet just the same. That after all it would'nt be so bad. That you *could* smoke. That you *could* sing. That the Band *could* play. That, in fact, it would be "alright." That, in fact, it was very *much* "alright." That it was a great success.

All this we heard, and we sympathized, and we commended.

We heard a little whisper too, of some thought for us, and for this we wish to thank you,

And to remain,

Your well-wishing "Camarades de College,"

THE WOMEN STUDENTS.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

♦ ♦ ♦

MEN'S BRANCH.

We are thankful to record an extremely successful term, and we thank the large number of men who have regularly attended. The prospects for the rest of the session are exceedingly bright.

A new departure was tried this term and the results were very encouraging. A tea was arranged, which took place on Friday, October 7th. Nearly 70 men were present, and at the close, Messrs. Tomlinson and French, in a few words welcomed the Freshmen, explained the constitution of the C.U., and invited all to come to the meetiugs. Our best thanks are due to Miss Aubrey and the women students for their kind help, without which the tea would have been impossible.

At our first, and, it is believed, largest meeting, Messrs. Tomlinson and French again spoke about the nature and aims of the C.U. Dr. Hearnshaw addressed another large meeting on "Early Controversies respecting the Person of Christ," and excellent addresses have also been given by the Rev. Mark Earl and by Messrs. Marshall, Landon and Bell.

On November 13th, the Rev. John Talbot addressed a large combined meeting. His address on "Christian Idealism." will long be remembered by those who heard it.

On December 10th to 12th, Mr. Houlder, the Travelling Secretary of the General College Department of the movement, will visit us; and, as Miss Sedgwick is visiting the women at the same time, it is hoped to arrange a combined meeting at which they will both speak. Mr. Houlder will also address the men, and it is hoped that as many men as possible will endeavour to have a chat with him.

P.T.F.

WOMEN'S BRANCH.

The work of the new Session began by a short week-end conference of leaders of circles and Baslow delegates, in preparation for the work of the coming year. On the following Saturday, the first on which the new students had been at College, a common-room tea was held in Room 20, to welcome all new students, and to tell them something of the work of the Christian Union as a whole. Miss Aubrey, Mme. Studer, Mrs. Phillips and a friend were present, as well as about 60 women students. After tea, Miss Aubrey welcomed the new arrivals, and spoke for a minute or two on the value that the Christian Union could and should be M. McLachlan then read a short paper dealing with the Christian Union, what it is, and its aims, etc. M Miles followed, with a very realistic account of "Baslow" and Conference life. After some conversation, and an "auction" of some of the cakes which remained, the rest of the food and milk was distributed to some of the poor living behind the College. The next day, Sunday, a united meeting of women students was held at Bevois Mount House, in the afternoon, when P. Mann spoke on the more detailed work of the Christian Union in our College, while E. Lees read a paper on the various circles for bible, social, and missionary study. Since then, the work has been carried on as arranged.

On December 7th, the women students hope to welcome Miss Sedgwick, one of the travelling secretaries of the student movement, who will stay among them for four or five days.

P.M.

HOSTEL NOTES.

♦ ♦ ♦



TO attempt to make something out of nothing is the task which faces the unfortunate writer of "Hostel Notes." To all enquiries on the subject of "What has happened at the Hostel?" the answer is "nothing."

The beginning of the term saw the Ancient Order of Bevoisites and Windsorites united (apropos of which "Where is Windsor House library?" but the rejoicings were marred by school-prac. However, the advent of six juniors provided some excitement, particularly as the old-established relationships of "mother" and "daughter" gave place to a "universal sisterhood."

The only (and literally) startling event took place on November 4th when the men students invaded the usually forbidden ground and "the battle-thunder broke from them all." Whoever assisted in any way, from making the preliminary arrangements to firing the last rocket, must accept the beartiest thanks of the spectators, whose only regrets were that they were not permitted to burn their fingers too.

Burnt fingers, however, would have inconvenienced the followers of the "crochet craze," for Penelope and the Lady of Shalott have found rivals to their productions.

It has been said (most unkindly) that the Hostel is the place for scandal and discussions. The Women's Suffrage question has proved so interesting

that one student has already undergone a course of training in the shape of temporary imprisonment, not long enough in duration to warrant forcible feeding. Suffragette tactics might improve the ventilation at the Hostel, but reverence for the aged stays the *hand* of the would-be destroyer, although use of the *foot* was once introduced.

A conflagration or a thunder-bolt would be extremely welcome; and in wicked expectations of their arrival next term, the Hostelites are going to their well-earned Christmas rest to return "like giants refreshed."

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

♠ ♠ ♠



LOOKING back over the reports of past Secretaries of the above Society, we find all are confronted with the same difficulties. The senior men were the hardest nuts to crack this year, "I have no time," "I haven't started work yet," "I'd rather not if you can get someone else,"—these were the answers to the Secretary's request that they should either propose or oppose some motion. The ladies, however, were, like Barkis, "quite willing," and the junior men are much more in evidence on the programme this season than last. No one seems to have promised papa to work for certificate this year—or, at least, it was not tendered as an excuse to the Secretary for not taking up a debate; perhaps it was thought that it might appear in the "Mag."

The programme has been completed, and we are deeply indebted to those who have given us their aid in choosing subjects for debate, and who have promised to propose or oppose the motions.

The Society was late in starting again this session, but this was due to the fact that the selection of committees extended over so long a period.

The first debate took place in the Central Hall on Friday, November 12th, and we are extremely grateful to Professors Clarke and Hearnshaw for their response to the committee's invitation to begin the opening meeting, which proved a great success, the members present numbering over 60. The motion before the House was: "That this House approves of the principles of the Minority Report of the recent Poor Law Commission." Professor Clarke, the proposer of the motion, after a humourous introduction, explained why the Poor Law Commission was formed, and the reason for the issue of the Minority Report. Then followed a brief historical review of the Poor Laws, the "destitution test" which he condemned, because of the resulting excessive outdoor relief. He said that the idea of the Minority Report was to prevent destitution, the results of which were the moral defects which, according to the Majority Report, were the cause of so many people finding their way to the Workhouse. The proposer concluded by saying that the methods of the Minority were logical, economical, systematic, and complete, and if they were carried into effect would cope with sickness, feeble-mindedness, neglected childhood, and unemployment, and thus carry out their motion with regard to destitution, viz., "prevention is better than cure."

Professor Hearnshaw opposed the motion, and at tbe outset discussed the qualifications of tbose who framed both the Majority and Minority Reports, the latter of which he called a Fabian Manifesto. He thought that the judicious sentimentality wbich was a conspicuous element in the administration of tbe Poor Law in 1834 was creeping in again, and that the lot of tbe pauper was becoming an attractive one. In his opinion the Minority had a wrong notion of poverty. They did not recognise that it was due cbiefly to moral causes, aad consequently did not apply their remedies to tbem. He concluded by saying that the proposed remedies of the Minority would be extremely detrimental to society, and individual energy would be lost.

The proposer was ably seconded by Mr. Coope, and the opposer by Mr. Jeans.

The motion was then thrown open for discussion, which proved very interesting and humourous. We were pleased to note the fine talent from Lancashire. One member from that county addressed the meeting, but did not support eitber side, consequently he took his stand in the middle of the platform; but he was claimed by the proposer as one of his supporters because he gradually worked his way to the proposer's side.

The motion was put to the meeting after the ladies had summed up, and the motion was declared carried by a majority of 21.

The second debate took place on November 25th, when the House met to consider the advisability of having separate Universities and University Institutions for men and women. The motion ran as follows: "This House is of opinion that there should be separate Universities and University Institutions for men and women."

Miss E. Lees, wbo proposed the motion, began by asking, "*Why* sbould there be separate University Institutions for men and women?" She said it had been argued that it was not good for poor men and sentimental women to be left alone; that they needed each other's company "to rub the corners off!" that by having mixed colleges a guarantee is provided that the women get the best professors and the best education, etc., etc.; but these arguments she exposed, and showed how it was possible to obtain the best possible education in separate institutions. She did not agree that in mixed Universities "*Miss* White" emulates "*Mr.* Bailey;" "*Miss* White" would in all probability still rival "*Miss* Bailey" if she were in the class, and *vice versa*. On the other hand, she contended that the meeting of the two sexes in class and at social functions tended to distract students from the *just a little work occasionally* whicb students are anxious to do on entering a college (We hope that she was not insinuating tbat this is the case at the Hartley). She concluded by saying that the development of women was carried out more effectively in separate colleges.

Miss M. Miles opposed the motion, saying that life could not be of the fullest when men and women were separate The benefits resulting from co-education were mutual; the ideas of both sexes were broadened, the women became more self-reliant, and plenty of scope was given all round for chivalry. The time had come when women were not regarded as mere ornaments; the idea that woman's place was in the home was alright in an ideal world; but at present it was impracticable. In the past men had had more opportunities than women—hence tbeir larger share in tbe work of college affairs in a mixed institution.

Mr. H. Bell, in seconding the proposition, substantiated several of tbe proposer's remarks,

Mr. A. French seconded the opposition, and said that by forming separate University colleges much that goes to the making of a student would be done away with. It was evident that the majority of the present Hartleyans are satisfied with their "bill of fare" from the fact that the motion was defeated by a majority of 40, (We were very grateful for the grave advice from "Pa," who thought that it was not advisable for us to mingle together "at such an early age," We had no idea he could be so *serious!*)

In view of the impending election the Parliamentary debate will take place on December 9th, and the debate North *v.* South will be postponed until March 3rd, 1911.

The following debates have also been arranged:—January 20th, 1911, "That the reading of Modern Fiction deserves encouragement;" February 3rd, "Vivisection;" February 10th, "That Individualism will do more for human progress than Socialism."

The attendance up to the present has been very gratifying, and it is hoped that all students who have not yet attended a debate will endeavour to be present at those which follow, as the success of the Society depends upon the attendance of the members. Come in crowds and treat us to your oratorical powers!

F. J. M.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

* * *

This Society suffered a great loss at the beginning of the session when Mr. H. L. Mills retired from the post of outside secretary, and through this cause we were rather late in beginning the session.

The first pap r was read on Nov. 5th by Mr. G. R. G. Conway, and was entitled "Reinforced Concrete Distributing Reservoirs; Monterey, Mexico," The author was the chief engineer in charge during the construction of the reservoirs: and, in consequence, was able to give a very clear outline of the works, etc. Unfortunately the lantern caused a great deal of trouble, and so the slides were not seen at their best.

The next paper was read by Mr. A. H. Burnand, on Saturday, Nov. 19th, and was entitled "The Power and Efficiency of Petrol Motors, etc." The paper was one of the most interesting that has been read before the Society for a long time, and was thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

This year, unfortunately, the dates of the Soirées, etc., have clashed with the meetings of the Society, and in consequence the number of students present has been small.

We are arranging a lecture on the "Repairs to Winchester Cathedral," by the architect in charge, and hope that any interested in this subject will come and hear it. The Hon. President for the year is F. W. Lanchester, Esq., of motor car fame.

T.C.

CHORAL SOCIETY.

♦ ♦ ♦

This year, owing to late election of the committee and the intervention of Half-Term, this Society was very late in heginning work In addition to this, the piece chosen—Stanford's Revenge—is more difficult than last year's work ; and hence, if we are to give a successful concert, memhers of the Society should pay great attention to their parts when practicing together, and also do a great amouut of "private study." I must particularly urge this point upon the memhers, hecause, although last year's performance was very creditahle, this year's must far exceed it. It is to he a paid concert (proceeds going to the Building Fund) ; and also it is to take place next term instead of after Easter, as was the case last year. Keeping these two important points in view, I think I am justified in asking the memhers to do their utmost to polish up the "corners" of the Revenge. We could not have a hetter or more willing conductor than Mr. G. Leake; and I am sure, with his and your united efforts, the coming concert will he beyond our highest expectations.

R.M.B.

MALE VOICE PARTY.

♦ ♦ ♦



I am sorry to say that this Society is not at all in a flourishing condition. We were late in commencing work, and our practices have always clashed with other society meetings; the latter fact may partly account for the had attendances, but I think there is a discouragingly small amount of interest shewn hy the men, in what could he, with the "material" we have in the College, one of the finest choirs in the town. The pieces we are practising at present—The Soldier's Chorus from "Faust," and Peter Piper, are hoth interesting and of moderate difficulty ; and, with a few other similar pieces, should prove attractive enough for those musically inclined not to hegrudge one hour's practice from 7 to 8 o'clock every other Saturday evening.

The second hasses have turned up well, hut the tenor section is very weak. First and second tenors, and first hasses are heartily invited to the practices, and I hope that next term we shall progress well enough to ask the conductor—Mr. Leake, to take charge of us. As we are expected to contrihute towards the College concert programme, I hope we shall make ourselves worthy of that honour by putting in some good, well attended practices next term.

R.M,B.

CHESS NOTES.

♥ ♥ ♥

If one judges the success of the Chess Club by the number of times the secretary puts away the chess sets in the Common Room, then truly its success is great. During the past term about a score of students have been initiated into the subtleties of the "Game of Kings." A thing to be regretted, however, is that by far the majority of the learners are seniors, and unless the juniors buck up, the Club will be in danger of lapsing into a state of inferiority.

At the beginning of the season the condition of the Record Board was one of absolute chaotic confusion. Some profane and irreverent individual must have made it the subject of his unseemly mirth. After the names of those who had left had been removed only six students' names remained. The total number now upon the board is 27, leaving room for only three more. The secretary will have great pleasure in receiving names to fill these spaces. Apply early to avoid disappointment.

During the past term the members of the Club have contributed the sum of 16/- to the Blackburne Fund. Mr. Blackburne, in his day, was one of the most brilliant exponents of Chess, and, on the occasion of his Jubilee, Englishmen are doing something in recognition of his great services. The College has done its best.

The Trophy match with Andover, played at Andover, unfortunately ended in a loss for the College. Prof. Masom and Mr. Mackie won their games, but the other three games were lost. Andover have now won two matches, and the College must not make another mistake if the Trophy is to be won.

A.E.H.

GYMNASIUM.

♦ ♦ ♦

This branch of sport, although perhaps not *quite* so exciting as "rugger," "soccer," or Scialist meetings, is yet likely to afford much genuine pleasure (as well as benefit) to its devotees during the present season. The opening of the "Gym" has met with a hearty response from both seniors and juniors—and especially the latter, who seem to be intent on putting in as much solid work as could be desired. Some of them, too, appear to be "old hands" at the game.

We are again extremely fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. Phillips, B.Sc. as instructor. His demonstrations in the gentle art of using one's "fives" will, we feel sure, continue to be much appreciated, especially in view of the frequency of the heated discussions on political matters so much in vogue at present. In the future, too, judging from the enthusiasm of the learners, boxing should prove one of the chief attractions.

With regard to apparatus, we hope to add to this in several important details; and with these added attractions it would seem that there are no reasons against the continued success of our club.

H.J.H.

SWIMMING CLUB—For Women Students.

✣ ✣ ✣

This Club has been formed in order to meet a general demand among women students. The way in which the names of Members poured in, was a proof of the enthusiasm which met its inauguration. We have no Galas and Fêtes to chronicle, since our first attempt to swim to the bottom will not be made until early in the New Year.

We hope at some future date, to record in the pages of this magazine the fact that one of our Members has surpassed herself and swum to Calais.

M. E. M.

PHYSICAL CULTURE NOTES.

♠ ♠ ♠



DANCING started early in the term. The first meeting of the Club took place on October 3rd to celebrate the end of school practice. It was, of course, limited to Seniors. A considerable number were present, both at the tea, and the dance which followed. We heartily thank those students who so kindly gave their services at the piano.

The dancing has gone with a swing throughout the term. Everyone has been anxious to learn. Several of the women students have now become quite efficient in the art of "taking gentlemen"

It was decided to invite the men students to a meeting of the Club on Saturday, November 5th. There was a good attendance. Many of the beginners made valiant efforts, and went in determined to do or die. Mr. Vincent attended and added greatly to our enjoyment by his excellent playing.

Repeated requests were made for a similar evening, with the result that the men studends were invited to attend on November 19th. There was a record attendance. We have to congratulate the Junior men on their splendid efforts, and to remind them that "practice makes perfect." The Lancers did not perform with the usual vigour owing to the crush. Mr. Vincent again attended, and gave us of his best.

Some amusement was caused by the papers which were distributed among the dancers. Many were seen completely absorbed in them, and some, it is believed, committed the instructions to memory. The Hartley Quadrills was *the* dance of the evening. The hints to beginners were rigidly observed, we are glad to say. We have to thank the men students who helped us to make the evening a success.

F.M.S.

HARRIERS.



THE Hartley Harriers' Club after one year's oblivion was re-started on October 24th under the popular presidency of Dr. Cavers. Mr. Phillips and E. Dowding were elected as Captain and Secretary respectively, with Messrs. J. Moriarty, Boyce, Bendrey and Landon as Committee.

October 24th.—This was the first turn-out of the season. At 9 o'clock, twenty fellows in varied togs (vide Stewart-Spectrum p 199) left the Cowherds, crossed the Common at Hill Lane, turned at the top passing the Bassett Hotel (vide Freeman, Norman Conquest p. 72) and thence to The Avenue. All paces were catered for, the slow pack being under the direction of S. Arnold, with the fast pack under that of L. A. Landon, who breaking away at the top of the Avenue came in first with Messrs. Boyce and Hargreaves behind.

October 31st.—The second run took place during Half Term, notwithstanding which, eleven fellows turned over the same three mile course. As before, fast and slow runners were properly looked after. E. K. A. Boyce as pace maker brought the fast pack in with a spirited run down the Avenue. The order of arrival was E. K. A. Boyce and B. O. Meyer. The slow pack enjoyed their run at a comfortable pace with L. A. Landon as whipper in.

November 8th.—The pack left the Cowherds through wind, rain and mud, maintaining a steady pace throughout.

November 14th.—Eight fellows left the Cowherds for a five mile run reaching out as far as Swathling. The whole pack kept well together—the slower ones branching off by a short cut about half-way out. They were caught, however, by the first pack and a keen finish ensued. The two leaders E. K. A. Boyce and L. Landon were sprinting in over the gravel path to the Cowherds, when the latter was thrown violently, injuring knees, arms and ankles on the sharp gravel. All finishes are now made on the straight. The third man to finish was Mr. Graham.

The weather and other circumstances have interfered with runs since this date. The number of members is now between 30 and 40, including many promising runners. The proposed paper chase events have not yet been held—these will be Wednesday afternoon runs when possible. Next term we hope to hold a Senior v. Junior race, five to count in the finish from each side There is indeed a very favourable prospect of a successful season. All novices are particularly invited, there is no entrance fee and members may run just as they please, except at the word of the pace maker and 'whip in' appointed. If you cannot turn out, come and encourage the College runners by your presence.

E, D.

HOCKEY.

A Meeting was held in the Common Room on October 5th, during which the following officials were elected.—President, Miss Aubrey; Captain, Miss T. Watts; Vice-Captain, Miss I. Knapp; Secretary, Miss G. Pasley; Miss A. Fawcett, and Miss D. Brown.

After several postponements, owing to the inclemency of the weather, the Juniors *v.* Seniors match was played under favourable circumstances. A good display was made by the Juniors, some of whom show remarkable signs of worthily filling the vacancies made in the College team. Worthy of note are three especially: Miss A. Fawcett promises to follow in her sister's footsteps, while Miss Chappell and Miss Williams show remarkable skill. Of course the Seniors played well. The final score was 7—2 for the Seniors.

v. Newport.

Nov. 9th, at home. This was a good match. Newport seemed at first the stronger team, but the College warmed up to the occasion, with the result that the final score was 6—5 in our favour. We considered this an omen of future success, and our hopes have not yet proved without foundation. After the match we entertained the Newport team to a tea held in the Common Room. This was a huge success.

v. Shirley Alexandra College.

Nov. 12th, away. The game was exciting and vigorous, and the spectators witnessed some valiant endeavours on the part of the youthful Collegians. We have to thank our able defence for the grand score of 8—0. Especially we congratulate ourselves on possessing such a reliable back as Miss H. Smith. On this occasion Mr. Evans refereed for us with commendable impartiality, and displayed a thorough knowledge of the game.

v. Redbridge.

Nov. 19th. The match with the Redbridgians waged fast and furious, and, in spite of their desperate "spurt" just before the termination of the game,

"We made a withdrawal,
With a score of two-all."

v. Tartans.

Nov. 26th. This was quite the best match of the season. Our opponents kindly lent us their battle ground; and, after a fast game, we retired bruised but proud of our victory. Our centre-forward, Miss Chappell, greatly distinguished herself by a brilliant run up the field and a well-scored goal within five minutes of the start of the game. Miss Fawcett, too, deserves praise for the goal which she scored.

We have not had many practices owing to the bad weather, and we have been forced to postpone the return match with Alexandra College. On the whole, our season so far has been a success, and we hope to continue in the way we have begun.

G. P.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

♥ ♥ ♥



The College Football teams have done well this term. The new departure is our third eleven, which played its first match just after half term. It is noteworthy that on that day the Coll. turned out three Soccer teams and a Rugger XV.

Seniors v. Juniors was played on October 1st. The weather was unfavourable, but Prof. Studer kicked off, in the absence of the Principal. The Juniors gave us a good game, the result being 5-3 in our favour. We discovered the talent necessary to fill the vacant places in the team.

We played the first League match against ***Tramways,*** on October 5th, and found our opponents a much improved team. We won fairly easily however by 3-1. Against ***Newport*** and the ***Wanderers*** we could in each case only draw (1-1).

R.A.M.C. took two points from a weak College team on October 22nd, this is the only match we have lost this term.

French and Howarth played in the Wednesday League representative team against Bournemouth, and were largely responsible for the damage done.

Against ***Civil Service*** we were out to increase our goal average; the score was 10-0, in our favour. The match against ***Freemantle*** was a good game. We had to go all the way to score the only goal of the match.

November 5th, was the day of the ***Cup tie v Chandlersford.*** About 80 men turned out to "musicise" us on to victory. The Coll., started well, playing a fast open game, which our opponents could not break up. Our wing men proved a great source of trouble to Chandlersford's defence. Bendrey scored the first goal for the College. Howarth was almost through again, when be was tripped; and Crawshaw scored from the resulting penalty. In the second half one of the opponent's backs mis-kicked and the ball went into the net. About a minute from time Chandlersford broke away, and were only stopped at the expense of a penalty. Time was extended for Meston to take the shot, which Agate brilliantly saved. Thus the Coll., gained entry into the second round of the Southampton Junior Cup Competition.

Mention must be made of the defence, which was ready for all emergencies. The swinging work of the forwards was especially commendable. We would like to see more of it.

We visited ***Reading*** on November 19th, and were given a fine time. The match resulted in a win for the College by four goals to two. Howarth did excellent work on the left and scored the first and fourth goals, from his own work. Douglas and Bendrey also scored one goal each. In the evening most of the team attended the Dance, which was given by the "Shells" and enjoyed themselves immensely. We thank Reading heartily for the good time they gave us.

We beat ***Harland & Wolff*** in the pouring rain on November 30th, by three goals to one There was no cessation in the rain during the whole of the game. The players were numbed with the cold. French played a great game and scored the first goal about five minutes before the end of the first half. The next two goals were both scored by Bendrey, the first from a centre by Howarth, and the next from a combined movement by the three inside men.

Mention must be made of Prince who has so ably filled the place left vacant by Lane.

Second Eleven.

This year the Seconds have entered for the 2nd Division of the Wednesday League. After the first two matches, the team settled down and have since been remarkably successful, losing only to Winchester Training College.

The first two matches, against ***Kingston Park*** and ***Woolston Wednesday*** were unfortunately lost.

At present we lead the 2nd Division of the League, having won four matches and lost two, with a goal average of 21-12.

In friendly games we have won three and lost two, and have a goal average of 14-8.

On November 12th we entertained ***Winchester Training College,*** and after a fast game were unlucky to lose by the odd goal in 5. Two weeks later we visited ***Alresford*** and lost a well contested game by 2-0. After the match we had a good tea and a sing-song, and issued forth to disturb the rustic quietude of the old town. No doubt we shall long be remembered by the young lady who ransacked her premises in the vain endeavour to provide us with a pair of bootlaces.

Third Eleven.

The first match was against ***Palmerston Guild,*** and resulted in a win for the latter by 4 goals to 1.

We drew against ***Hythe and Dibden*** at Hythe ; two goals being scored on each side. Barnes and Tully both played good games for the College. The goals were scored by Tully and Boyce.

Against ***Pear Tree Argyle*** at home, we won by 2-0. Howarth turned out and scored both goals.

We again visited ***Hythe and Dibden*** on December 3rd, and managed to win this time. Brearley was absent from centre forward and Smith took his place. Three goals were scored against the opponents' one, the scorers being Boyce, Barnes and Smith.

Up to the present we stand as follows:—Played 4. Won 2. Lost 1. Drawn 1. Goals for : 8. Against : 7.

We hope to cultivate our rising footballers in this eleven.

B. O. M.

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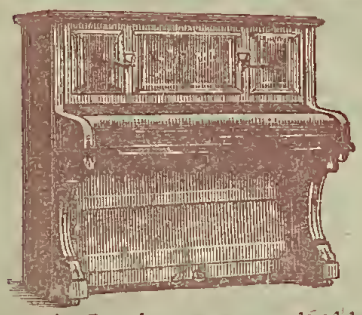
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